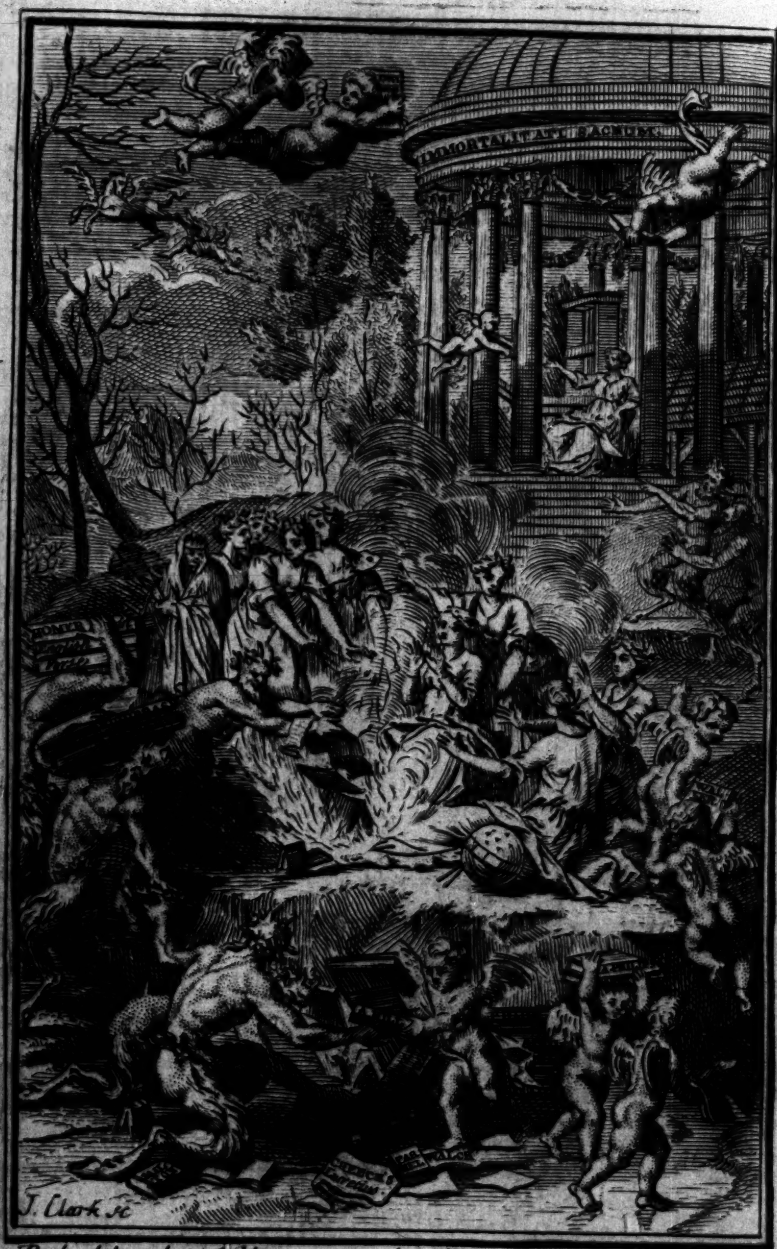


J. Clark sc

Behold, what Volumes to the Fires are born!
 What Throngs of Bards their crackling Labours mourn!
 O happy, and secure of evil Fame,
 Had but themselves consign'd 'em to the Flame,
 But where are they, whose Works the Muses prize?
 In Triumph to the Temple, Lo, they rise;
 The lov'd of Jove, and Darlings of the Skies.



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THE HIVE.

A
COLLECTION
Of the most Celebrated
SONGS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The FOURTH EDITION, with Alterations and Additions.

— The Fair, the Gay, the Young
Govern the numbers of my Song;
All that They approve is sweet:
And all is sense that They repeat.

PRIOR.



LONDON:

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the Royal-
Exchange in Cornhill. M.DCC.XXXIII.

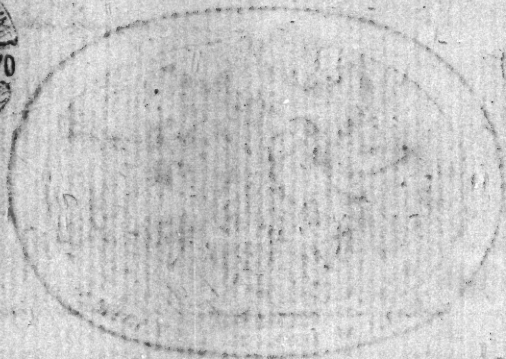
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COLLECTION

OF THE

ROYAL

TALOR



LONDON



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A
COLLECTION
OF
SONGS.

The CONDESCENSION.



WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs, (the sky;
All bright as an angel new dropt from
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by
(my fears;
So strangely you dazle my eye!

But when, without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
Then I know you're a woman again. (heart

There's a passion and pride
In our sex (she reply'd,)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you.

VOL. II,

B

Insatiableness

*Insatiableness of MAN.*

PURSUING beauty, men descry
 The distant shore, and long to prove
 (Still richer in variety)
 The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak *Indians*, stand
 Inviting, from our golden coast,
 The wand'ring rovers to our land:
 But she who trades with 'em is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing, unseen, into the heart;
 But, by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles, we resign,
 In ignorance, our shining store;
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
 How he can court, or you be won:
 For love is but discovery;
 When that is made, the pleasure's done.





The RANGER Reclaim'd.

THYRSIS, inconstant, apt to rove,
Seated in a shady grove,
Thus besought the god of love:

*Son of Venus, pow'rful boy,
Author of our grief and joy,
Hear an ardent lover's pray'r,
And bring me my Clarinda here.*

*Cupid his petition heard:
Fair Clarinda soon appear'd;
Youth and beauty round her shining,
Youth and innocence combining,
With gen'rous fires inflam'd his breast,
While thus the swain their pow'r confest:*

*Lovely nymph, no more I'll range;
Thyrsis, now, no more will change;
All that may give delight I see,
All thy beauteous sex in thee:
Love, join'd with virtue chaste and true,
Will always make Clarinda new.*

*The KING of Hearts.*

As fond *Philander*, in the pit,
 By fair *Ophelia* sat,
 A card, by some sly gall'ry wit,
 Was dropt upon his hat.

The nymph, observing, snatch'd it thence;
 But, blushing at the sight,
 Confess'd it had explain'd her sense,
 And brought her love to light.

The swain, perceiving her chang'd look,
 With sudden rapture starts;
 The card with sweet compulsion took,
 And found it *king of hearts*.

The king of hearts! O fortune blest,
 Were I but such he cry'd:
You reign already in my breast,
 She lovingly reply'd.





Strawberries and Cream.

SMOOTH was the water, calm the air,
The ev'ning sun deprest ;
Lawyers dismiss'd the noisy bar,
The labourer at rest ;

When *Strephon*, with his charming fair
Cross'd the proud river *Thames* ;
And to a garden did repair,
To quench their mutual flames.

The crafty waiter soon espy'd
Youth sparkling in her eyes :
He brought no ham, nor neat-tongues dry'd,
But cream and strawberries.

The am'rous *Strephon* ask'd the maid,
What's whiter than this cream ;
She blush'd, and cou'd not tell, she said :
Thy teeth, my pretty lamb.

What's redder than these berries are ?
I know not, she reply'd :
Those lips, which I'll no longer spare,
The burning shepherd cry'd,
And strait began to hug her :
This kiss, my dear,
Is sweeter far
Than strawberries, cream, and sugar.



The JOYS of REFLEXION.

AFTER the pangs of fierce desire,
The doubts and hopes that wait on love,
And feed, by turns, the raging fire;
How charming must fruition prove!

When the triumphant lover feels
None of those pains, which once he bore;
Or when, reflecting on his ills,
He makes his present pleasure more.

To mariners, who long have lain
On a tempestuous ocean toft,
The storms, that threaten'd on the main,
Serve only to indear the coast.

FANCY beyond REALITY.

SINCE all that's fair in womankind,
You boast you can discover,
Search, with a freedom unconfin'd,
Their stock of charms all over.

And when the mighty pains you've took,
And said whate'er you can say,
You'll own, the fairest, in her smock,
Was fairer in your fancy.

The



The UNION; or, Love and a Bottle.

WHILE *Phyllis* is drinking, love and wine in alliance,
With forces united, bid resistance defiance;
By the touch of her lips the wine sparkles higher,
And her eyes, by her drinking, redouble their fire.

Her cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their colour,
As flowers by sprinkling revive with fresh odour;
His dart dipt in wine, *Love* wounds beyond curing,
And the liquor, like oil, makes the flame more enduring.

By cordials of wine love is kept from expiring,
And our mirth is enliven'd by love and desiring;
Relieving each other, the pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet ever are tasting.

Then, *Phyllis*, begin; let our raptures abound,
And a kiss and a glass be still going round:
Our joys are immortal while thus we remove,
From love to the bottle, from the bottle to love.





The RECANTATION.

FAIR *Celia* love pretended,
 And nam'd the myrtle bower,
 When *Damon* long attended,
 Beyond the promis'd hour.
 At length, impatient growing
 Of anxious expectation,
 His heart with rage o'erflowing,
 He vented thus his passion:

To all the sex deceitful.

*A long and last adieu;
 Since women prove ungrateful
 As oft as men prove true.
 The pains they cause are many,
 And long, and hard to bear;
 The joys they give (if any)
 Few, short, and unsincere.*

But *Celia*, now repenting
 Her breach of assignation,
 Arriv'd, with eyes consenting,
 And sparkling inclination.
 Like *Cytherea* smiling,
 She blush'd, and laid his passion;
 The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
 And sung this recantation.

How

*How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care !
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence, or despair !
Women, wise, increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays ;
And, advancing or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.*

DAMON'S Pride punish'd.

TH O' *Damon* is haughty, and seems to despise
The fetters he lately has worn ;
Yet he knows in his soul, that his *Phyllis's* eyes,
Were she willing, cou'd conquer his scorn
Then let not presumption so blind thee, fond *Damon*,
To think that this humour shall e'er bring my flame on.

If he had been humble, obliging, and free,
Perhaps I had pity'd his pain ;
But, since pride and inconstancy in him I see,
He shall know he's but lengthen'd his chain ;
For, now I perceive what the fop does endeavour,
My arts shall detain him my captive for ever.

*The EXULTATION.*

ALL joy to mortals, joy and mirth,
 Eternal Iös sing;
 The gods of love descend to earth,
 Their darts have lost the sting.
 The youth shall now complain no more
 Of *Sylvia's* needless scorn;
 But she shall love, if he adore,
 And melt when he shall burn.

The nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the jilting road;
 And *Daphne* now no more shall fly
 The wounded panting god:
 But all shall be serene and fair,
 No sad complaints of love
 Shall fill the gentle whisp'ring air,
 No ecchoing sighs the grove.

Beneath the shades young *Strephon* lies,
 Of all his wish possess'd;
 Gazing on *Sylvia's* charming eyes,
 Whose soul is there confess'd.
 All soft and sweet the maid appears,
 With looks that know no art;
 And, tho' she yields with trembling fears,
 She yields with all her heart.

Improving



Improving Beauty; Increasing LOVE.

Ah! *Chloris*, cou'd I now but fit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your infant beauty cou'd beget
 No happiness nor pain;
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Wou'd take my rest away,

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine;
 Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine;
 But as your charms insensibly
 To their perfection press'd,
 So *Love*, as unperceiv'd, did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While *Cupid* at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming dart;
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his art;
 To make a beauty, she.

The



The ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHERE *Dryden* first unclos'd his infant eyes,
 As waiting muses tun'd his early cries;
 Where winding *Nen* divides the flow'ry way,
 In those fair plains young *Strephon* chanc'd to stray:
 And wand'ring, pensive, thro' the moon-light shade,
 While beauty warm'd his tender breast,
 And *Cloe* all his soul possest,

He reach'd, as night advanc'd, a lonely glade:

There to deaf winds he told his pain;

No eccho answer'd him again:

In solemn silence all, but love, was laid,

That pow'r, which wing'd the wounding dart
 From *Cloe's* eye to *Strephon's* heart,

Love's genial goddess, heard his grief:

And thus, at length, confess'd to fight,

In heav'nly charms, divinely bright,

Have hopes, she said, I bring relief.

In midnight gloom let spirits hover,

And ghosts, condemn'd to sad despair;

Go thou, and to the maid discover,

In softest sighs, thy gentle care.

Bid pleasing sounds prepare to move her;

With chosen verse the tale prolong:

Phœbus will aid a faithful lover;

And *Cloe* will reward the song.

AMYNTA'S



AMYNTA'S Lamentation.

On a bank, beside a willow,
Heav'n her covering, earth her pillow,
Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:
From the chearless dawn of morning,
Till the dews of night returning,
Singing, thus she made her moan:
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone!

Time, I dare thee to discover
Such a youth, and such a lover;
Oh so true, so kind was he!
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his every feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murm'ring blisses;
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we!

Never shall we curse the morning,
Never bless the night returning,
Sweet embraces to restore;
Never shall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, love supplying

All the joys he drain'd before:

Death come end me

To befriend me;

Love and *Damon* are no more!

The Charming LESBIA.

OBSERVE the num'rous stars which grace
The fair expanded skies;
So many charms has *Lesbia's* face,
A thousand more her eyes.

Whene'er the beauteous maid appears,

We cannot but admire;

But, when she speaks, she charms our ears,

And sets our souls on fire.

What pity 'tis, a creature

By nature form'd so fair,

Divine in every feature,

Shou'd make mankind despair:

She gazes all around her,

And gains a thousand hearts;

But *Cupid* cannot wound her,

For she has all his darts.



The DEBATE.

ON the bank of a river, close under the shade,
 Young *Cleon* and *Sylvia* one ev'ning were laid;
 The youth pleaded strongly for proof of his love
 But honour had won her, his flame to reprove.
 She cry'd, Where's the lustre, when clouds shade the sun?
 Or what is rich nectar, the taste being gone?
 'Mongst flow'rs on the stalk sweetest odours do dwell,
 But, if gather'd, the rose itself loses the smell.

Thou dearest of nymphs, the brisk shepherd reply'd,
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on love's side:
 In matters of state let grave reason be shown,
 But love is a pow'r will be ruled by none;
 Nor shou'd a coy beauty be counted so rare,
 For scandal can blast both the chaste and the fair.
 Most fierce are the joys love's alembick do fill,
 And the roses are sweetest when put to the still.

LOVE *Uncontrollable.*

BEHOLD, and listen, while the fair
 Breaks, in sweet sounds, the willing air;
 And with her own breath fans the fire,
 Which her bright eyes did first inspire:
 What reason can that love controul,
 Which two such ways commands the soul?

The

*The MAN truly miserable.*

WHAT man, in his wits, had not rather be poor
 Than for lucre his freedom to give?
 Ever busy, the means of his life to secure,
 And so ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd, from morning to night, in a crowd;
 Not a moment unbent, or alone:
 Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud;
 And at every one's call, but his own.

Still repining, and longing for quiet, each hour,
 Yet studiously flying it still;
 With the means of enjoying his wish in his power;
 But accurst with his wanting the will.

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
 Before he has leisure to rest:
 He must add to his store, this or that pretty sum;
 And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
 Only swell the desire of his eye:
 Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please;
 Let not even mine enemy die.

*The Desponding LOVER's last Relief.*

At length, my cruel fair, give o'er
Your frowns, and ease my pain;
Tho' for a while the heavens lour,
Yet soon they smile again.
The lightning not incessant flies,
It quickly spends its ire;
But still you blast me from your eyes,
With angry shafts of fire.

E'en *Tityus* and *Prometheus* find,
From their wing'd foe, some rest;
But love, not as the vulture kind,
For ever gnaws my breast.
Sometimes *Ixion* rest obtains,
His whirling torments cease;
But an eternal round of pains
Ne'er lets me taste of ease.

The weary *Sisyphus* forbears
Sometimes to heave his stone;
But I, beneath a weight of cares,
Am ever doom'd to groan.
One only hope for me remains,
Which from those wretches flies;
Kind death will free me from my chains:
Death, more than life, I prize.



The GOLDEN AGE irrevocable.

STREPHON, returning from the town,
Came musing to a neighb'ring grove;
Where in the shades he laid him down,
And to himself thus talk'd of love:

'Twas in the golden age, said he;
That *Cupid* held a peaceful reign;
He-exercis'd no tyranny,
Nor could his subjects then complain.

The innocent and faithful swain,
Not ty'd to rules of birth and state,
With freedom rambled o'er the plain,
And like the turtle chose his mate:

The nymph comply'd without controul,
By her own fancy only led;
And never any sad complaint
Disturb'd the happy lover's bed:

But oh! the golden age is gone;
And *Cupid's* laws are not the same;
Love is an empty name alone,
And fate and fortune play the game:

And must it thus for ever be?
Will those blest days return no more?
Then, thoughts of love, disturb not me;
I'll from this minute give you o'er.



On a LADY indispos'd.

FLAVIA's eyes, like fires suppress'd,
More fiercely flame again;
Nor can her beauty be decreas'd,
Nor alter'd by her pain.

Those various charms which round her play,
And do her face adorn,
Still as they ripen fall away,
Fresh beauties still are born.

So doth it with the lovers fare,
Who do the dame adore;
One fit of love kill'd by despair,
Another rages more.

Folly of communicating one's Passion.

A Youth, who fondly did expose
His love to every swain,
Thought to indulge his ease by those
Who most increas'd his pain.

Too soon, alas! too soon, in vain,
The jealous shepherd found,
That who in love wou'd shun the pain,
Had best conceal the wound.

*The LOVER'S Message.*

Go, tell *Amynta*, gentle swain,
 I wou'd not die, nor dare complain:
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine;
 For souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain'd this kind relief;
 That musick shou'd in sounds convey
 What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh, or tear, perhaps, she'll give;
 But love on pity cannot live.
 Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid.
 Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress.
 For ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

The LOVER caution'd.

FLY from *Olinda*, young and fair;
 Fly from her soft engaging air,
 And wit, in woman found so rare:

Altho' her looks to love advise,
 Her yet unconquer'd heart denies,
 And breaks the promise of her eyes.

LOVE



LOVE and HARMONY.

How like *Elysium* is the grove
 When chaste *Dorinda* sings of love!
 It charms the troubled soul to rest,
 And makes a calm in every breast:
 With various kinds of harmony,
 She strikes at once the ear and eye:
 So soft her voice, and she so fair,
 Gives double sweetness to the air.
 The wretched shepherd dumb with pain,
 And grief too heavy to complain,
 When soft *Dorinda* tunes her voice,
 Forgets his woe, and dreams of joys.
 Oh, lovely charmer! be so kind,
 To ease sometimes a wretch's mind;
 His groans with gentle sounds controul,
 And breathe a balm into his soul.

TRUE LOVE.

I'LL tell you, my *Celia*, if never before
 Thou hast heard of the pleasures that love has in store;
 True love is a flame that for ever burns bright,
 And time cannot quench or diminish its light:
 To none but love's emp'ricks 'tis lost when enjoy'd;
 For they never lov'd truly, that ever were cloy'd.

*The sudden CONQUEST.*

I DID but look, and love a while,
 'Twas but for one half hour;
 Then to resist I had no will,
 And now I have no power.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease;
 Sighs, which do heat impart,
 Enough to melt the coldest ice,
 Yet cannot warm your heart.

Oh! would your pity give my heart
 One corner of your breast;
 'Twould learn of your's the winning art,
 And quickly steal the rest.

The Sympathizing HEART.

WHEN young *Milanda's* fingers move
 The trembling strings, my heart beats love;
 My soul the motion does obey,
 I tremble too as well as they.

But when with heav'nly voice she sings,
 When vocal sounds their silence break,
 And marry with the trembling strings,
 With love and rapture too I shake.

Triumph



Triumph of Love.

At dead of night, when, wrapt in sleep
The peaceful cottage lay,

Pastora left her folded sheep,

Her garland, crook, and useleſs ſcrip;

Love led the nymph aſtray.

Looſe, and undreſſ'd, ſhe takes her flight,

To a near myrtle ſhade;

The conſcious moon gave all her light,

To bleſs her raviſh'd lover's ſight,

And guide the loving maid.

His eager arms the nymph embrace,

And, to aſſuage his pain,

His reſtleſs paſſion he obeys:

At ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place,

What lover cou'd contain?

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious moon;

The moon no ſuccour gave:

The cruel ſtars, unmov'd, look on,

And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,

Nor wou'd her honour ſave.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt, by pow'rful love,

The nymph expiring lay;

No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,

Since no kind ſtars were found above,

She bluſh'd, and dy'd away.

Yet

Yet blest the grove, her conscious flight,
 And youth that did betray;
 And panting, dying with delight,
 She blest the kind transporting night,
 And curs'd approaching day.

The MIND preferr'd to the FACE.

CORINNA, I excuse thy face,
 Those erring lines which nature drew;
 When I reflect that every grace
 Thy mind adorns, is just and true.

But oh! thy wit what god has sent,
 Surprising, airy, unconfin'd;
 Some wonder, sure, *Apollo* meant,
 And shot himself into thy mind.





CONFIDENCE *Essential to a Lover.*

YOUNG *Damon*, once the happiest swain,
The pride and glory of the plain;
But see th' effects of love !

Depriv'd of all his former rest,
Shun'd company, with grief oppress'd ;
And sought the thickest grove.

The nymphs and swains all strove to find,
What 'twas disturb'd the shepherd's mind ;
But, when they begg'd to know,
He only shook his drooping head,
And sighing, mournfully, he said,
My fate will have it so !

Myrilla, hearing of his woes,
Came too, and kindly ask'd the cause
Of all his mighty pain :

The youth, transported, and amaz'd
To hear her charming voice, soon rais'd
His head, and thus began :

I love ; but 'tis a nymph so fair,
That I of all success despair,
And nought expect but scorn :
But oh ! forgive, since ask'd by you,
If farther I my tale pursue ;
And say, For you I burn.

The nymph then blush'd, and, smiling, said,
And is it thus you court a maid,

With sighing, and with pining?
In love, the want of confidence

Is worse by half than want of sense,
Rise, man, and leave your whining.

Love Inevitable.

I saw, I gaz'd, I sigh'd, I lov'd
The charming beauteous fair;
My secret flame did force my soul
Its passion to declare.

Where wit and beauty do contend,
Which has the greatest store,
Where such all-conqu'ring charms command,
'Tis hard not to adore.





INDIFFERENCE *Excus'd.*

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known;
And, to convince the cruel'st maid,
Lovers shou'd use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal;
And he that most wou'd hide his flame,
Does, in that care, his pain reveal:
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my *Aurelia*, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread;
Whose guilty passions are begun,
Not in their heart, but in their head.

I cou'd not sigh, and, with cross'd arms,
Accuse your rigour, and my fate;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore, and women hate.

But, careless liv'd, and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spy'd;
And thinking it a foolish part,
To strive to shew, what none can hide.



The LUCKY MINUTE.

As *Chloris*, full of harmless thought,
 Beneath a myrtle lay,
 Kind love a youthful shepherd brought,
 To pass the time away.
 She blush'd to be encounter'd so,
 And chid the am'rous swain;
 But, as she strove to rise and go,
 He pull'd her down again.
 A sudden passion seiz'd her heart,
 In spite of her disdain;
 She found a pulse in every part,
 And love in every vein.

Ah! gods, said she, what charms are these,
 That conquer and surprize?
 Oh! let me—for, unless you please,
 I have no pow'r to rise.
 She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,
 For fear he shou'd comply;
 Her looks and eyes her heart betray,
 And gave her tongue the lye.
 Thus she, who princes had deny'd,
 With all their pomp and train,
 Was in the lucky minute try'd,
 And yielded to a swain.



A S I G H.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a secret fire;
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the listner's heart.

Safest messenger of passion,
Stealing thro' a croud of spies;
Who constrain the outward fashion;
Close the lips, and guard the eyes.

Shapeless sigh, we ne'er can show thee;
Form'd but to assault the ear;
Yet, ere to their cost they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee——here.



*A Pastoral COURTSHIP.*

GENTLE zephyrs, silent glades,
 Purling streams, and cooling shades,
 Senses pleasing,
 Pains appeasing,
 Love each tender breast invades.

Here the graces beauties bring,
 Here the warbling choirists sing,
 Love inspiring,
 All desiring
 To adorn the infant spring.

Here behold the am'rous swains,
 Free from anguish, free from pains,
 Nymphs complying,
 Cares defying,
Venus, smiling, glads the plains.

Let not us, too charming fair,
 Be the only hapless pair:
 Oh relieve me;
 Cease to grieve me;
 Ease your anxious lover's care.

Kindly here indulge my love;
 This is, my dear, no tell-tale grove;

Not

Not revealing,
But concealing;
All to love propitious prove.

In thy air and charming face,
Dwells an irresistible grace;
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To pursue the blissful chace.

Let me touch this panting breast;
Here for ever let me rest;
Bliss enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever blest.

MAIDENS *Mortal* at FOURTEEN.

Ah! *Chloris*, 'tis time to disarm your bright eyes,
And lay by those terrible glances;
We live in an age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the rules of romances.

When once your round bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long time of courting;
And you'll find it a very hard task to hold out;
For all maidens are mortal at fourteen.



VIRTUE more Durable than BEAUTY.

THE charms that blooming beauty shows,
From faces heav'nly fair,
We to the lilly and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!
The lilly droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

But, when bright virtue shines confest,
With sweet discretion join'd;
When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
And wisdom guides the mind;

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
Thy person to approve,
They kindle gen'rous chaste desire,
And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate,
These graces shall endure;
till, like the passion they create,
Eternal, constant, pure.



LABOUR *in* VAIN.

WHEN *Lesbia*, in a haughty air,
Looks with majestic scorn upon me,
She then a goddess does appear,
I then at once both love and fear,
I grow her slave; her pride has won me.

But, when she softens with the sighs
I languishing pour out before her,
The yielding maid I then despise;
She's not a goddess in my eyes,
And I no longer can adore her.

Ah *Cupid*, why d' you mock my pain,
And love's fruition thus deny me?
I cease to love, if lov'd again,
Like *Tantalus*, my labour's vain;
I always follow what does fly me.

LOVE *the* only JOY.

FAR from thee be anxious care,
And racking thoughts that vex the great;
Empire's but a gilded snare,
And fickle is the warrior's fate.
One only joy mankind can know;
And Love alone can that bestow.



To a LADY more Cruel than Fair.

WHY d'ye with such disdain refuse
An humble lover's plea?
Since heav'n denies you pow'r to chuse,
You ought to value me.

Ungrateful mistress of a heart,
Which I so freely gave;
Tho' weak your bow, tho' blunt your dart,
I soon resign'd your slave.

Nor was I weary of your reign, ;
Till you a tyrant grew,
And seem'd regardless of my pain,
As nature seem'd of you.

When thousands, with unerring eyes,
Your beauty wou'd decry,
What graces did my love devise,
To give their truths the lye?

To every grove I told your charms;
In you my heav'n I plac'd;
Proposing pleasures in your arms,
Which none but I cou'd taste.

For

For me t' admire, at such a rate,
So damn'd a face, will prove
You have as little cause to hate,
As I had cause to love.

The Contented Lover.

NOT, *Celia*, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I wou'd change each hour, like them,
Were it my interest.

But, I am ty'd to very thee,
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome, and the kind.

Why then shou'd I seek farther store,
And still make love a-new:
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

Hopeless

Hopeless LOVE.

WHEN *Artemira* I approaching see,
 The soft resistless magick of her eyes,
 With trembling rapture, does each faculty
 Of my attentive soul surprize.

With rapid haste my eager wishes move;
 Fond are my hopes and fierce is my desire;
 Soft plaintive sighs, the food of hopeless love,
 Fan the too fiercely glowing fire.

Were the lov'd nymph less cruel, or less fair,
 Wretched *Alexis* might expect some ease;
 But, death alone can now end his despair;
 Till death, his torments ne'er will cease.

The Fruitless ENDEAVOUR.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
 If I but ask the favour;
 And yet the tender fool's in tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this restraint;
 Or else had hopes to win her;
 Wou'd she cou'd make of me a faint;
 Or I of her a sinner.

FROWNS



Frowns Misplac'd.

INSULTING beauty, you mispend
Those frowns upon your slave;
Your scorn against such rebels bend,
Who dare with confidence pretend,
That other eyes their hearts defend
From all the charms you have.

Your conqu'ring eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in despair,
Many proud senseless hearts declare,
They find you not so killing fair,
To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious freedom boast;
I triumph in my chain:
Nor am I unreveng'd, tho' lost;
Nor you unpunish'd, tho' unjust;
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.



*Cold Friendship an ill Return for warm Love*

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot desire,
 In vain cold friendship you return :
 Your drops of pity on my fire,
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! wou'd you have the flame suppress,
 That kills the heart it heats too fast;
 Take half my passion to your breast,
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

On his Mistress waking at Break of Day.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes!
 And now the sun begins to rise;
 Less glorious is the morn that breaks
 From his bright beams than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give;
 But diff'rent fates ere night fulfil:
 How many by his warmth will live!
 How many will her coldness kill!

LUCINDA'S



LUCINDA'S *peculiar* ART.

LUCINDA, by a secret art,
Unknown to all but her,
Which she has practis'd on my heart,
Has charm'd the wanderer:
Enjoyment, which did use t' abate
The vigour of love's heat,
Does now fresh appetite create,
The pleasures to repeat.

So fares it with the bird that's took,
And into bondage brought;
At first, his prison how to brook,
With difficulty's taught:
But, with kind tender usage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his abode;
And with more delicacies is fed,
Than e'er he found abroad.

To his MISTRESS playing on the SPINET.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this? that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns!
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.
Small force there needs, to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who wou'd not tremble too.

True



True Love the most Respectful.

THO', *Phyllis*, you scorn my address,
 Preferring a rattle that's vain;
 Yet know 'tis respect in excess
 That freedom of speech does restrain.

Oh cruel! consider my fire
 Burns fiercer the more 'tis deprest,
 While his in a flash does expire;
 He talks of a passion in jest.

How oft I've resolv'd, when alone,
 In fittest words then I cou'd chuse,
 My affection, so true, to make known;
 But speech in your presence I lose:
 Still what I am going to say,
 Seems foolish ridiculous stuff;
 My thoughts in a chaos do play;
 No expressions are worthy enough.

O fairest, your servant believe,
 This is of true love the effect;
 And what greater proof can he give?
 For where there is love, there's respect.
 All scholars in young *Cupid's* school
 The rhet'rick of tongues still despise;
 'Tis in am'rous converse a rule,
 To talk the soft language of eyes.



On his MISTRESS advancing to meet him.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,
Adorn'd with every grace;
Look, gods, from your celestial domes,
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see if you can find
In all your sacred groves,
A nymph, or goddess, so divine
As she whom *Strephon* loves.

The false MISTRESS no Deceiver.

TELL me no more, I am deceiv'd;
That *Cloe's* false and common:
By heav'n! I all along believ'd
She was a very woman:
As such, I lik'd; as such, carefs'd;
She still was constant when possess'd;
She cou'd do more for no man.
But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing;
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man;
Why, what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I'll take her body, you her mind;
Who has the better bargain?

*WOMEN Describ'd.*

TRUST not to the smiles of women,
Nor their soft deluding arts;
Those are favours paid in common,
Only to entangle hearts.

Do not think we suffer anguish,
Tho' its outward signs are seen;
We, like you, can seem to languish,
Yet be free as air within.

All the hopes our eyes do send you,
Are but shadows to delude;
Fly 'em, and they will attend you;
But they vanish if pursu'd:

Always fond of man's undoing;
Some we wound by being coy;
Gay and easy, smiles will ruin;
Grave and wise, our frowns destroy.

Sated



Sated LOVE reviv'd by JEALOUSY.

THO' I'm a man in every part,
And much inclin'd to change;
Yet I must stop my wand'ring heart,
When it desires to range.

I must indeed my *Celia* love,
Altho' I have enjoy'd;
And make that bliss still pleasant prove,
With which I have been cloy'd.

I must that fair one justice do,
I must still constant be;
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
Whilst she is true to me.

Then, *Cupid*, I must teach you how
To make me still her slave;
That food to make me relish now,
Which once a surfeit gave.

You must, to play this game, at first,
Some jealousy contrive;
That she may vow I am the worst,
And falsest man alive.

Let her in anger persevere,
 Be jealous as before;
 Till I begin to huff, and swear,
 I'll never see her more.

Then let her use a little art,
 And lay aside her frown;
 Let her some am'rous glances dart,
 To bring my passion down.

Thus whilst I am again on fire,
 Make me renew my pain;
 Make her consent to my desire,
 And me still hug my chain.

Sung by JUNO, in the Judgment, of
 P A R I S.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
 Thou wert born o'er men to reign;
 Not to follow flocks design'd;
 Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;
 Thou on necks of kings shalt tread;
 Joys in circles joys shall meet,
 Which way e'er thy fancy's led,

Let

Let not toils of empire fright ;
Toils of empire pleasures are ;
Thou shalt only know delight ;
All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow :
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

Sung by VENUS.

NATURE fram'd thee sure for loving,
Thus adorn'd with every grace ;
Venus' self thy form approving,
Looks with pleasure on thy face.

Happy nymph who shall enfold thee,
Circled in her yielding arms !
Shou'd bright *Helen* once behold thee,
She'd surrender all her charms.

Fairest she, all nymphs transcending,
That the sun himself has seen,
Were she for the crown contending,
Thou wou'dst own her beauty's queen.

Gentle shepherd, if my pleading
Can from thee the prize obtain,
Love himself thy conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless fair shalt gain.

*The Double PLEASURE.*

WHILST on *Melanissa* gazing,
 I survey each pleasing grace,
 And, with eager joys embracing,
 Dwell on that angelick face,

There, with endless raptures kissing,
 I cou'd breath my soul away;
 But my eyes, their pleasure missing,
 Chide my lips too long delay.

Lest the eye shou'd want its longing,
 I a while quit t'other bliss;
 But my lips, their-lofs bemoaning,
 Prompt me to another kiss:

Thus perpetually renewing
 Those two never fading joys,
 Kissing her, by turns, and viewing,
 Pleas'd I feast both lips and eyes.





The Frank DECLARATION.

I'LL tell you what, dear *Betty*;
I own you're wondrous pretty;
I also confess
Your elegant dress,
And that you're passing witty.

But let not vanity fool ye,
For I must tell you truly, —
I ne'er can abide
To worship your pride,
My will is so unruly.

I'm not the fool you'd have me;
No tyrant can enslave me;
No prude alive
Shall me deprive
Of the liberty nature gave me.

Tho' beauty at first inclin'd me,
Good humour alone can bind me;
Then if you think fit
Your flouting to quit,
A faithful lover you'll find me.



To one persuading a Lady to Marriage.

FORBEAR, bold youth, all's heaven here;
 And what you do aver,
 To others courtship may appear,
 'Tis sacrilege to her.

She is a publick deity:
 And were't not very odd,
 She shou'd depose herself, to be
 A petty household god?

First make the sun in private shine,
 And bid the world adieu,
 That so he may his beams confine,
 In compliment to you.

But, if of that you do despair,
 Think how you've done amiss,
 To strive to fix her beams, which are
 More bright and large than his.





The Perjur'd MAID.

OH happy, happy groves,
Witness of our tender loves!
Oh happy, happy shade,
Were first our vows were made!
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
Looks wou'd charm a *Jove*:
A thousand pretty things she said,
And all, and all was love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady groves;
When I speak of mutual joys,
Knows not what I mean:
Wanton glances, fond caresses,
Now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding fair
Left the flow'ry green.

Mourn ye nymphs, that sporting play'd
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the secret wound she gave,
When I first was made her slave.



CONSTANCY *becomes* a LOVER.

CHARMING fair *Amoret*, that dear undoer,
 Altho' she flies me, yet still I'll pursue her;
 Nothing like constancy becomes a lover,
 Ere he shou'd reap the joy much must he suffer:
 Martyrs their dying flames court as a blessing,
 And soon forget the pain, once heav'n possessing.

Cou'd I but touch her heart with inclination;
 If on my raging smart she'd take compassion,
 And with a gentle sigh deign to deplore me:
 Nothing so blest as I e'er liv'd before me:
 Lock'd in her arms I'd lie faint and expiring,
 Lost in the mighty joy, yet still desiring.

The CONSCIOUS LOVER.

A Thousand several ways I try'd
 To hide my passion from your view;
 Conscious that I should be deny'd,
 Because I cannot merit you.

Absence, the last and worst of all,
 Did so increase my wretched pain,
 That I return'd, rather to fall
 By the swift fate of your disdain.



The happy R E L A P S E.

THE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard fate
It was to love a swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithless, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her pain:
Long, long, alas! she vainly strove
To free her captive heart from love;
Till, urg'd too much by his disdain,
She broke at last the strong-link'd chain,
And vow'd she ne'er wou'd love again.

The lovely nymph, now free as air,
Gay as the blooming spring,
To no soft tale wou'd lend an ear,
But careless sit, and sing:
Or, if a moving story wrought
Her frozen breast to a kind thought,
She check'd her heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amyntor thus his story told,
Once burn'd, but now he's cold.

Long thus she kept her liberty,
And by her all conqu'ring eyes
A thousand youths did daily die
Her beauty's sacrifice:
Till love at last young *Cleon* brought,
The object of each virgin's thought,
Whose strong resistless charms did move
They made her burn and rage with love,
And made her blest as those above.



The deluded SHEPHERD.

YOUNG *Strephon*, by his folded sheep,
 Sat wakeful on the plains:
 Love held his weary eyes from sleep,
 While, silent, in the vale,
 The list'ning nightingale
 Forgot her own, to hear his strains.
 And now the beauteous queen of night,
 Unclouded and serene,
 Sheds on the neighb'ring sea her silver light;
 The neighb'ring sea was calm and bright;
 The shepherd sung inspir'd, and bless'd the lovely scene:

*While the sky and seas are shining,
 See, my Flora's charms they wear;
 Secret night, my joys divining,
 Pleas'd my am'rous tale to hear,
 Smiles and softly turns her sphere.
 While the sky and seas are shining,
 See, my Flora's charms they wear.*

Ah, foolish *Strephon*! change thy strain;
 The lovely scene false joy inspires:
 For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
 A rising storm invades the main!
 The planet of the night,
 Inconstant, from thy sight,
 Behind a cloud retires.

Flora

*Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
Ah foolish Strephon! change thy strain.*

*Hope, beguiling,
Like the moon and ocean smiling,
Does thy easy faith betray;
Flora, ranging,
Like the moon and ocean changing,
More inconstant proves than they.*

LOVE increas'd by DISDAIN.

IF there's transporting pleasure
In gazing on your charms,
'Twere bliss beyond all measure
To die within your arms.

Then, charmer, be not cruel;
But give, oh! give me ease!
Disdain is but the fuel,
That makes my flame increase.



*The whining LOVER reprov'd.*

WHY this talking still of dying,
 Why this dismal look and groan;
 Leave, fond lover, leave your sighing;
 Let these fruitless arts alone.
 Love's the child of joy and pleasure,
 Born of beauty, nurs'd with wit;
 Much amiss you take your measure,
 This dull whining way to hit.

Tender maids you fright from loving,
 By th' effect they see in you;
 If you wou'd be truly moving,
 Eagerly the point pursue:
 Brisk and gay appear in wooing;
 Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;
 All this talking, and no doing,
 Will not love, but hate, increase,

No HAPPINESS by HALVES.

As *Amoret* and *Thyrsis* lay,
 Melting the hours in gentle play,
 Joining faces, mingling kisses,
 And exchanging harmless blisses,
 He trembling cry'd, with eager haste,
 Oh let me feed, as well as taste;
 I die, if I'm not wholly blest.

}
 The



The two MISTRESSES.

CLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite;
Yet, when I press her, she, in tears,
Denies her sole delight.

Whilst *Celia*, seeming shy and coy,
To all her favours grants;
And secretly receives the joy,
Which others think she wants.

I wou'd, but fear I never shall,
With either fair agree;
For *Celia* will be kind to all,
But *Cloe* won't to me.

WOMENS Favourites.

FREEDOM is a real treasure;
Love a dream, all false and vain;
Short, uncertain, is the pleasure;
Sure, and lasting, is the pain.

A sincere and tender passion
Some ill planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is inclination!
Fate and women doat on fools.



Inexorable CLORIS

ASK not the cause, why fullen spring
So long delays her flow'rs to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,

And winter storms invert the year :
Cloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

Cloris is gone, the cruel fair ;

She cast not back a pitying eye :
But left her lover in despair,

To sigh, to languish and to die.
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure!

Great god of love, why hast thou made

A face that can all hearts command ;

That all religions can invade,

And change the laws of every land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
Thou shoud'st have made her mercy more.

When *Cloris* to the temple comes,

Adoring crouds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs ;

And every life, but mine, recall.
I only am by *Love* design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

The



The INSTRUCTION.

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
And wanton in the flow'ry grove,
Oh! whisper to my absent fair
My secret pain, my endless love.

At the breezy close of day,
When she seeks some cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

When she sees their colour fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let it instruct the lovely maid,
That sweets, not gather'd timely, die.

When she lays her down to rest,
Let auspicious visions show,
Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* best,
And what for her I undergo.

Relief from SIGHS.

GENTLE sighs, awhile relieve us,
When our hearts are full of sorrow;
If ungrateful men deceive us,
Some relief from sighs we borrow.

Despotis



Despotic Power of LOVE.

*A DIALOGUE between THYRSIS and
LALAGE.*

Th. **M**^y *Lalage*, when I behold
 So great a cold,
 And not a spark of heat in thy desire;
 I wonder what strange pow'r of thine
 Kindles in mine
 So bright a flame, and such a burning fire.

Lal. Can *Thyrsis* in philosophy
 A student be,
 And not have learn'd the power of the sun?
 How he to sublunary things
 A fervour brings,
 Yet in himself is subject unto none?

Th. But why within thy eyes appear
 Never a tear,
 That cause from mine perpetual show'rs to fall?—

Lal. Fool! 'tis the pow'r of fire, you know,
 To melt the snow,
 Yet has no moisture in itself at all.

Th. How can I be, dear virgin, show,
 Both fire and snow?

Do

Do you that are the cause, the reason tell;
More than a miracle to me

It seems to be,
That so much heat with so much cold shou'd dwell.

Lal. The reason I will render thee,
Why both shou'd be.
Audacious *Thyrsis*, in thy love too bold,
'Cause thy ambition durst aspire
To such a fire,
Thy love is hot; but 'tis thy hope is cold.

Th. Let pity move thy gentle breast
To one oppress:
This way, or that, give ease to my desire:
And either let love's fire be lost
In hope's cold frost,
Or hope's cold frost be warm'd in love's quick fire.

Lal. Oh! neither, boy; neither of these
Shall work thy ease;
I'll pay thy rashness with immortal pain.
As hope doth strive to freeze thy flame,
Love melts the same:
As love does melt it, hope doth freez't again.

Th. Come, gentle swains, lend me a groan,
To ease my moan.

Chorus. Ah, cruel love! how great a pow'r is thine!
Under the poles although we lie,
Thou mak'st us fry,
And thou can'st make us freeze beneath the line.

The

*The SUMMONS.*

SOUND a parly, ye fair, and surrender;
 Set yourselves, and your lovers, at ease:
 He's a grateful, a grateful offender,
 Who pleasure dares seize;
 But the whining pretender
 Is sure to displease.

Since the fruit of desire is possessing,
 'Tis unmanly to sigh and complain:
 When we kneel for redressing,
 We move your disdain:
 Love was made for a blessing,
 And not for a pain.

LOVE'S a RIDDLE.

THE flame of love assuages,
 When once it is reveal'd;
 But fiercer still it rages,
 The more it is conceal'd.

Consenting makes it colder;
 When met, it will retreat;
 Repulses make it bolder,
 And dangers make it sweet.

Presenting



Presenting a MASK.

SWEET *Lydia*, take this mask, and shroud,
Thy face within the filken cloud,
And veil those pow'rful skies:
For he whose gazing dares so high aspire,
Makes burning-glasses of his eyes,
And sets his heart on fire.

Veil, *Lydia*, veil; for unto me
There is no basilisk, but thee;
Thy very looks do kill:
Yet in those looks so fixt is my delight,
Poor soul (alas!) I languish still,
In absence of thy sight.

Close up those eyes, or we shall find
Too great a lustre strike us blind!
Or, if a ray so good
Ought to be seen, let it but then appear
When eagles do produce their brood,
To try their young ones there.

Or, if thou wou'd'st have me to know
How great a brightness thou can'st show,
When they have lost the sun;
Then do thou rise, and give the world this theme,
Sol from th' *Hesperides* is run,
And back hath whipt his team.

Yet

Yet thro' the *Goat* when he shall stray,
Thou thro' the *Crab* must take thy way;
For shou'd you both shine bright,
In the same tropick, we, poor moles, shou'd get
Not so much comfort by thy light,
As torment by the heat.

Where's *Lydia* now? where shall I seek
Her charming lip, her tempting cheek,
That my affection bow'd?
So dark a sable hath eclips'd my fair,
That I can gaze upon the cloud,
That durst not see the star.

But yet, methinks, my thoughts begin
To say there lies a white within,
Tho' black her pride controul:
And what care I how black a face I see,
So there be whiteness in the soul,
Still such an *Ethiop* be.



Charming



Charming NEERA.

How can they taste of joys or grief,
Who beauty's pow'r did never prove?
Love's all our torment, our relief;
Our fate depends alone on love.

Were I in heavy chains confin'd,
Neera's smiles wou'd ease that state;
Nor wealth, nor pow'r, cou'd bless my mind,
Curs'd by her absence, or her hate.

Of all the plants which shade the field,
The fragrant myrtle does surpass;
No flow'r so gay, that does not yield
To blooming roses gaudy dress.

No star so bright, that can be seen,
When *Phœbus'* glories gild the skies;
No nymph so proud adorns the green,
But yields to fair *Neera's* eyes.

The am'rous swains no off'rings bring
To *Cupid's* altar, as before;
To her they play, to her they sing,
And own in love no other pow'r.

If thou thy empire wilt regain,
On thy conqueror try thy dart;
Touch, with pity for my pain,
Neera's cold disdainful heart.



A Mad SONG.

I go to the *Elysian* shade,
Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me;
Where nothing shall my rest invade;
But joy shall still surround me.

I fly from *Celia's* cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly;
She is the cause of all my pain;
For her alone I die.

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run;
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes when they have shed their store;
Then, like the clouds that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood, to weep it back again.

Pity

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains;
Cover me with ice and snow;
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow:
Furies tear me;
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below:
Where yelling and howling,
And grumbling and growling,
Strike our ears with horrid woe.

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes,
Wou'd be a pleasure and a cure:
Not all the hells,
Where *Pluto* dwells,
Can give such pains as I endure;

To some peaceful plain convey me;
On a mossy carpet lay me;
Fan me with ambrosial breeze;
Let me die, and so have ease.





CUPID'S Reprizal.

LAURINDA, who did love disdain,
 For whom had languish'd many a swain,
 Leading her bleating flocks to drink,
 She spy'd upon a river's brink,
 A youth, whose eyes did well declare,
 How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd the while,
 And soon it lessen'd to a smile;
 Thence to surprize and wonder came,
 Her breast to heave, her heart to flame:
 Then cry'd she out, Ah! now I prove
 Thou art a god, most mighty Love.

She wou'd have spoke, but shame deny'd,
 And bad her first consult her pride:
 But soon she found that aid was gone,
 For Love, alas! had left her none:
 Ah! now she burns! but 'tis too late,
 For in his eyes she reads her fate.



In Praise of CLARET.

LISTEN all, I pray, to the words I've to say,
In memory sure insert 'em;
Rich wines do us raise to the honour of bays:

Quem non fecere disertum?

Of all the brisk juice which the gods produce,

Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em;

'Tis claret shall strait us mortals create

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

We abandon all ale, and beer that is stale,

Rosa solis, and damnable hum;

But sparkling red shall raise its head,

'Bove omne quod exit in um.

This is the wine, which in former time,

Each wise-one of the *magi*

Was want to carouse, in a chaplet of boughs,

Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the hop be their bane, let the rope be their shame,

Let the gout and cholick pine 'em,

That offer to shrink in taking their drink,

Sen' gracum sive latinum.

Let the glass fly about, till the bottle is out,
 Let each one do as he's done to ;
 'Vaunt those that hug th' abominable jug;
 'Mongst us *heteroclita sunt*.

There's no such disease as he that doth please
 His palate with beer for to shame us;
 'Tis claret that brings to fancy its wings,
 And says, *Musa, majora canamus*.

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,
 That drinketh not wine as we men do;
 The more wine a man drinks, like a subtle *Sphinx*,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

'Tis true, our souls, by the louzy bowls
 Of beer that doth nought but swill us,
 Do go into swine (*Pythagoras* 'tis thine)
Nam vos mutastis & illas.

When I've wine in my brain, I'm in a merry vein,
 And this to me a bliss is:
 Him that is wise I can justly despise:
Mecum confertur Ulysses?

How it cheers the brains, how it warms the veins,
 How against all crosses it arms us!
 How it makes him that is poor courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Give me the boy, my delight and my joy,
 To my *tantum* that drinks his tale;
 By wine he that waxes, in our *syntaxis*,
Est verbum personale.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy wits to blame?

Call for wine, and thou shalt have it;
'Twill make him rise, and be very wise,
Cui vim natura negavit.

We have frolick rounds, we have merry go-downs;
Yet nothing is done at random;
For when we're to pay, we club and away;
Id est commune notandum.

No vintners deny the lads that are dry,
But give 'em wine, whate'er it cost 'em;
If they do not pay till another day,
Manet altâ mente repostum.

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the brink,
With a smooth and even swallow,
I'll offer at's shrine, and call it divine,
Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his fill,
Has a passage like a conduit:
Brisk wine does inspire with rapture and fire,
Sic ather athera fundit.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
And sily offer to pass ye,
Give their nose a twitch, and kick 'em i' th' breech,
Nam componuntur ab asse.

I have told ye plain, and will tell ye again,
Be he furious as Orlando,
He is an ass that from hence doth pass,
Nisi bibit ad ostia stando.



The sighing VIRGIN.

How severe is forgetful old age,
 To confine a poor lover so?
 That I almost despair,
 To see e'en the air,
 Much more my dear *Damon*——*hey ho.*

Tho' I whisper my sighs out alone,
 Yet I'm trac'd where-ever I go;
 For some treacherous tree
 Hides the old man from me,
 And there he counts every——*hey ho.*

How shall I this *Argus* blind,
 And so put an end to my woe?
 But while I beguile
 All his frowns with a smile,
 I betray myself with an——*hey ho.*

My restraint then, alas! must endure;
 So that since my sad doom I know,
 I will pine for my love,
 Like the turtle dove,
 And breathe out my life in ——*hey ho.*



The imprison'd Ear, and unconfin'd Eye.

CELINDA, by what potent art,
Or unresisted charm,
Dost thou thine ear and frozen heart
Against my passion arm?

Or, by what hidden influence
Of pow'rs in one combin'd,
Dost thou rob love of either sense,
Made deaf as well as blind?

Sure thou, as friends, united hast
Two distant deities;
And scorn within thy heart has plac'd,
And love within thine eyes.

Or, those soft fetters of thy hair,
A bondage that disdains
All liberty, do guard thine ear
Free from all other chains.

Then my complaint how canst thou hear,
Or I this passion fly,
Since thou imprison'd hast thine ear,
And not confin'd thine eye?

TRUTH



TRUTH *only found in WINE.*

WOULD you court the joys won't leave you?

Pay your vows to *Bacchus'* shrine;

Other pleasures will deceive you;

Truth is only found in wine.

Let the puny sneaking lover

Bow to *Cupid*, like a fool;

Just experience will discover

He's no more than woman's tool.

Bring more wine, then charge your glasses;

Let 'em flow with gen'rous red:

Drown a thousand loving asses,

Then in triumph march to bed.

The VIRGIN'S Apology for Loving.

WHEN I see my *Strephon* languish,

With *Lucinda's* charms oppress;

When I see his pain and anguish,

Pity moves my tender breast;

Sighs so soft, and tears so moving,

Who can see, and hold from loving?

Strephon's plain and humble nature

Mov'd me first to hear his tale;

Strephon's truth, by every creature,

Is proclaim'd through all the vale:

There's not a nymph that wou'd not chuse him

Why shou'd I alone refuse him?

LESBIA?



LESBIA'S Lamentation on her Sparrow.

TELL me not of joy: there's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Wou'd toy and woo;

He wou'd chirp, and flatter me;
He wou'd hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how fullen he wou'd be!

He wou'd catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go again;

He from my lip
Wou'd moisture sip;

He wou'd from my trencher feed;
Then wou'd hop, and then wou'd run,
And cry *phyllip*, when he'd done;
Oh! whose heart can chuse but bleed?

Oh! how eager wou'd he fight,
And ne'er hurt, tho' he did bite:

No morn did pass,
But on my glass

He wou'd sit, and mark, and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let 'em fall;
And then straightway sleek 'em too.

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Whence

Whence will *Cupid* get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?

A wound he may,

Not love, convey,

Now his faithful bird is gone;

Oh! let mournful turtles join

With loving red-breasts, and combine

To sing dirges o'er his stone.

The WAY to win him.

How tormenting's the anguish,
When the fair pine and languish,
And too soon their indulgence discover!
If the nymph is complying,
The swain ceases dying,
And the warmth of his passion is over.

The best way to charm him,
Is with fears to alarm him,
To keep him in awe, and at distance:
By making him jealous
She makes him more zealous,
And secures him her slave by resistance.

Shyness



Shyness owing to Love as much as to Hate.

STREPHON, when you see me fly,
Why shou'd that thy fear create?

Maids may be as often shy

Out of love as out of hate:

When from you I fly away,

'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of hatred run,

Less wou'd be my pain and care;

But the youth I love, to shun!

Who cou'd such a trial bear?

Who, that such a swain did see,

Who cou'd love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go;

Gentle love commands my stay:

Duty's still to love a foe;

Shall I this or that obey?

Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles;

That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever, by this crystal stream,

I cou'd sit, and see thee sigh;

Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,

Oh! 'tis worse than death to fly!

But, the danger is so great,

Fear give wings instead of feet.

If you love me, *Strephon*, leave me;
 If you stay, I am undone:
 Oh, you may with ease deceive me;
 Pr'ythee, charming boy, be gone:
 The gods decree that we must part;
 They have my vow, but you my heart.

Faint Attempts of no Force in Love.

DAMON, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not sighing o'er the plain,
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye!
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field;
 To a pow'rful kind invasion,
 'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,
 Still indulgent to the brave:
 But one sin of base omission
 Never woman yet forgave,

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye;
 Cries, you're rude, and much to blame;
 And, with tears, implores your pity;
 Be not merciful for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
Cloris time enough will find,
 T his her cruel furious lover,
 hcuM more gentle, not so kind.



The Indifferent **LOVER.**

SHOU'D the nymph I love, disdain me,
And strive to give despair;
All her arts shall never pain me,
For I'll seek a kinder fair.

Some think it mighty treasure,
A stubborn heart to gain;
But theirs be all the pleasure,
For 'tis not worth the pain.

LOVE in Spight of DISDAIN.

THO' the pride of my passion fair *Sylvia* betrays,
And frowns at the love I impart;
Tho' kindly her eyes twist amorous rays,
To tie a more fortunate heart:

Yet her charms are so great, I'll be bold in my pain;
His heart is too tender, that's struck with disdain.

Still my heart is so just to my passionate eyes,

It dissolves with delight while I gaze:

And he that loves on, tho' *Sylvia* denies,

His love but his duty obeys.

I no more can refrain her neglects to pursue,

Than the force of her beauty can cease to subdue.



WOMEN'S LOVE of NOVELTY.

I SIGH'D, and I writ,
 And employ'd all my wit;
 And still pretty *Sylvia* deny'd:
 'Twas virtue I thought;
 And became such a sot,
 I ador'd her the more for her pride.

Till, mask'd, in the pit,
 My coy *Lucrece* I met;
 A croud of gay fops held her play;
 So brisk and so free,
 With her smart repartee,
 I was cur'd; and went, blushing, away.

Poor lovers mistake
 The addressees they make,
 With vows to be constant and true;
 Tho' all the nymphs hold
 For the sport that is old,
 Yet their play-mates must ever be new.

Each pretty new toy
 They wou'd die to enjoy;
 And then for a newer they pine:
 But, when they perceive
 Others like what they leave,
 They will cry for their bauble again.

Desiring



*Desiring it might rain to detain his
Mistress.*

WITH no less various passions tost,
Leander view'd the boist'rous main;
Each rising wind his wishes crost,
Each swelling wave increas'd his pain.

My breast a diff'rent motive fires;
A diff'rent cause my fear alarms;
A calm cou'd favour his desires,
My fiercer love expects a storm.

May louring clouds, and heavy show'rs,
For once, relieve a lover's care;
Still to protract my happy hours,
And keep the beauteous *Cloe* here.

Hide, *Phæbus*, thy officious light;
Let not one cross intruding ray
Deprive me of my *Cloe*'s sight,
And rob us of a brighter day.



*A Minute at Midnight worth a Day.*

'Tis too late for a coach,
 And too soon to reel home;
 We have freedom to stagger
 When the town is our own.

Let's whirl it away,
 And whip six-pence round,
 Till the drawers are founder'd,
 And the hogheads found.
 The glass stays with you, *Tom*, save your tide, pull away;
 One minute at midnight is worth a whole day.

The Resign'd LOVER.

PHYLLIS, I pray,
 Why did you say,
 That I did not adore you?
 I durst not sue
 As others do,
 Nor talk of love before you.
 Shou'd I make known
 My flame, you'd frown;
 No tears cou'd e'er appease you:
 'Tis better I
 Shou'd, silent, die,
 Than talking to displease you.



The MAIDEN's Tragedy.

Ah! cruel, bloody fate,
What can'st thou now do more?
Alas! 'tis now too late
Philander to restore.

Why shou'd the heav'nly pow'rs persuade
Poor mortals to believe,
That they guard us here,
And reward us there;
Yet all our joys deceive!

Her ponyard then she took,
And held it in her hand;
And, with a dying look,
Cry'd, Thus I fate command,
Philander, ah! my love, I come
To meet thy shade below:
Ah! I come, she cry'd,
With a wound so wide,
There needs no second blow.

In purple waves her blood
Ran streaming down the floor;
Unmov'd she saw the flood,
And blest'd her dying hour:
Philander! ah, *Philander*! still
The bleeding *Phyllis* cry'd;
She wept a while,
Then forc'd a smile;
Then clos'd her eyes and dy'd.



The resolute LOVER.

TH O' you make no return to my passion,
 Still, still I presume to adore;
 'Tis in love but an odd reputation,
 When faintly repuls'd, to give o'er:
 When you talk of your duty,
 I gaze at your beauty,
 Nor mind the dull maxim at all:
 Let it reign in *Cheapside*,
 With the citizen's bride;
 It will ne'er be receiv'd at *White-hall*.

What apocryphal tales are ye told;
 By one who wou'd make you believe,
 That, because of *to have* and *to hold*,
 You still must be pinn'd to his sleeve:
 'Twere apparent high treason,
 'Gainst love and good reason,
 Shou'd one such a treasure engross;
 He who knows not the joys,
 That attend such a choice,
 Shou'd resign to another who does.



To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he us'd to soar so high.

Had *Echo* with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

IRRESOLUTION.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I:
In vain! in vain! for when I try,
Upon my tim'rous tongue the trembling accents die.
Alas! a thousand thousand fears
Still over-awe, when she appears; [tears.
My breath is spent in sighs, my eyes are drown'd in

The



The HUMOURS of the WATCH.

WHO comes there? stand,
 And come before the constable,
 We'll know what you are.
 What makes you out so late?
 Says the midnight magistrate,
 With his noddle full of ale,
 In a wooden chair of state:

Whence come you, sir?
 And whither do you go?
 You may be a jesuit for ought I know:—
 You may as well, sir, take me
 For a *Mahometan*.—
 He speaks *Latin*; secure him?
 He's a dangerous man.

To tell you the truth, sir,
 I am an honest *Tory*;
 Here's a crown to drink;
 And there's an end of the story.—
 Good morrow, sir; a civil man
 Is always welcome:
 Go, *Barnaby Bounce*,
 Light the gentleman home.

The



The General Lover.

STREPHON hath fashion, wit, and youth,
With all things else that please,
He nothing wants but love and truth,
To ruin me with ease.

But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle fierce desire;
Whose pow'r inflames another's heart,
And he ne'er feels the fire.

O how it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he shou'd despise our sex;
Or, what's worse, love 'em all.

So that my heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain has sought for rest,
Finding no hopes to fix my love,
Returns into my breast.



*The* INCITEMENT.

SEE how fair *Corinna* lies,
 Kindly calling with her eyes :
 In the tender minute prove her :
 Shepherd! why so dull a lover ;
 In her blushes see your shame ;
 Anger they with love proclaim :
 You too coolly entertain her.
 Lay your pipe a little by ;
 If no other charm you try,
 You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
 Court her, you may get a kiss ;
 May be, favours that are greater ;
 Leave your piping, to her fly ;
 When the nymph you love is nigh,
 Is it with a tune you treat her ;
 Dull *Amynto*, fly, oh! fly ;
 Now your shepherdess is nigh,
 Can you pass your time no better ?





For St. CECILIA'S Day.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began;
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high;
Arise, ye more than dead!

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order, to their stations leap,
And musick's pow'r obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes, it ran;
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot musick raise, and quell!
When *Jubal* struck the corded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there cou'd not dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot musick raise and quell!

The

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thund'ring drum
 Cries hark! the foe's come:
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute,
 In dying notes, discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
 Fury, frantick indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ's praise?

Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
 And trees, unrooted, left their place;
 Sequacious of the lyre:
 But bright *Cecilia* rais'd the wonder higher;
 When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for heav'n.

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

*As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above.
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And musick shall untune the sky.*

The BACCHANALIAN'S Resolve.

WHILE the lover is thinking,
With my friend I'll be drinking,
And with vigour pursue my delight;
While the fool is designing
His fatal confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole night.

With the god I'll be jolly,
Without madness or folly,
Fickle woman to marry implore;
Leave my bottle and friend,
For so foolish an end!
When I do, may I never drink more.

*Reason of LOVE Inscrutable.*

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from *Cupid's* bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis madness all in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own.
Why shou'd I uneasy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella's* cries;
Ask not me the reason why:
Seek the riddle in the skies.

The CURE as bad as the DISEASE.

IDIE with too transporting joy,
If she I love rewards my fire;
If she's inexorably coy,
With too much passion I expire.

No way the fates afford to shun
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone,
By the disease, or by the cure.

The



The awkward SAINT.

SAY, lovely *Sylvia*, lewd and fair,
Venus in face and mind,
Why must not I that bounty share
You pour on all mankind?
That sun that shines promiscuously,
On prince and porter's head,
Why must it now leave only me
To languish in the shade?
In vain you cry, you'll sin no more;
In vain you pray and fast;
You'll ne'er persuade us, till threescore,
That *Sylvia* can be chaste.
When thus affectedly you cant,
You're such a young beginner,
You make at best an awkward saint,
That art a charming sinner.

To a good REPOSE.

LET none be uncivil, but let a health pass,
Here's a cleanly monteth to cool every glass;
This, this is that claret on which we are fixt,
Of this every glass is a whet to the next;
Here's all that good, rightly petition'd, can send!
Here's a harmless new jest, and trusty old friend.
About with it, dear soul; there *Jo* has his dose,
Here's a health, a health to his good repose.

*To the Disconsolate DORIS.*

FIE, pretty *Doris*, weep no more;
 Doubtless your love is safe on shore,
 In spight of wind and wave;
 The life is fate-free that you cherish;
 And 'tis unlike he now shou'd perish,
 You once thought fit to save.

Dry, sweet, at last, those twins of light,
 Which whilst eclips'd, with us 'tis night,
 And all of us are blind:
 The tears that you so freely shed,
 Are much too precious for the dead.
 And for the quick too kind.

Fie! pretty *Doris*, sigh no more;
 The gods your *Damon* will restore,
 From rocks and quick-sands free;
 Your wishes will secure his way,
 And doubtless he, for whom you pray,
 May laugh at destiny.

Still then those tempests of your breast,
 And set that pretty heart at rest,
 The man will soon return:
 Those sighs for heav'n are only fit,
Arabian gums are not so sweet,
 Nor off'rings when they burn.

On him you lavish grief in vain,
Can't be lamented, nor complain,

Whilst you continue true:

That man disaster is above,
And needs no pity, that does love,
And is belov'd by you.

Men oftner Tyrants than Victims.

WHILST *Strepbon*, in his pride of youth,
To me alone profess
Dissembled passion, drest like truth,
He triumph'd in my breast.

I lodg'd him near my yielding heart,
Deny'd him not my arms;
Deluded by his pleasing art,
Transported with his charms.

The wand'rer now I lose, or share
With every lovely maid:
Who makes the heart of man her care,
Shall have her own betray'd:

Our charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we conquest gain;
Where one a victim falls to love,
A thousand tyrants reign.



ADVICE to a LOVER.

FOR many unsuccessful years,
 At *Cynthia's* feet I lay;
 Bathing them often with my tears;
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
 No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
 Of some lov'd saint above,
 Ere thought his god less more divine,
 Or paid more awtul love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
 With coy insulting pride;
 Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
 Or turn'd her head aside.

Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my ear,
 " Use more prevailing charms;
 " You modest whining fool, draw near,
 " And clasp her in your arms:

" With eager kisses tempt the maid;
 " From *Cynthia's* feet depart?
 " The lips he briskly must invade,
 " That wou'd possess the heart.
 With that, I shook off all the slave,
 My better fortunes try'd;
 When *Cynthia* in a moment gave,
 What she for years deny'd

MUSICK



Musick the Food of Love.

IF musick be the food of love,
Sing on, till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my listning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy:
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare,
That you are musick every where.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear;
So fierce the transports are, they wound;
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound;
Sure I must perish by your charms;
Unless you save me in your arms.

MYRA'S Perfections.

WHEN *Myra* sings, we seek th' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound;
What musick needs must dwell upon that tongue,
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song!
Such harmony, such wit, a face so fair,
So many pointed arrows who can bear?
The slave that from her wit or beauty flies,
If she but reach him with her voice, he dies.

Advice



ADVICE to CLOE.

FORGIVE me, *Eloe*, if I dare
 Your conduct disapprove;
 The gods have made you wond'rous fair,
 Not to disdain, but love.

Those nice pernicious forms despise,
 That cheat you of your bliss;
 Let love instruct you to be wise,
 Whilst youth and beauty is.

Too late you will repent the time
 You lose by your disdain;
 The slaves you scorn, now, in your prime,
 You'll ne'er retrieve again:

But, when those charms shall once decay,
 And lovers disappear,
 Despair and envy will repay
 Your being now severe.

Sweetness of discreet Love.

LET soft desires your heart ingage;
 'Tis sweet to love in every age:
 Every season, every creature,
 Yields to love and courts his joys;
 None are truer, none are sweeter,
 When discretion guides the choice.



Too late A D V I C E.

As Amoret with Phyllis sat,
 One evening, on the plain,
 And saw the charming Strephon wait
 To tell the nymph his pain;
 The threat'ning danger to remove,
 He whisper'd in her ear,
 Ah! Phyllis, if you wou'd not love,
 This shepherd do not hear;
 None ever had so strange an art
 His passion to convey
 Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
 And steal her soul away.
 Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate.
 In vain, said she, in vain I strive;
 Alas! 'tis now too late.

The M E L A N C H O L I C K.

O u' lead me to some peaceful gloom,
 Where none but sighing lovers come;
 Were the shrill trumpets never sound,
 But one eternal hush goes round:
 There let me sooth my pleasing pain,
 And never think of war again:
 What glory can a lover have,
 To conquer, yet be still a slave?



The envious COMPETITOR.

THYRSIS, a young and am'rous swain,
Saw two, the beauties of the plain;
Who both his heart subdue:
Gay *Celia's* eyes were dazling fair;
Sabina's easy shape and air
With softer magick drew.

He haunts the stream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And seems for each to die;
Till each a little spiteful grown,
Sabina, Celia's shape ran down;
And she *Sabina's* eye.

Their envy made the shepherd find
Those eyes which love cou'd only blind;
So set the lover free:

No more he haunts the grove or stream,
Or with a true-love knot and name,
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah, *Celia!* (fly *Sabina* cry'd)
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to support the sex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! (says *Celia*) say no more;
For, shou'd the swain but one adore,
That spite which broke his chains before,
Wou'd break the other's heart.

Chorus



*Chorus of free Citizens of ROME; design'd
to be sung after the first Act of JULIUS
CÆSAR.*

WHITHER is *Roman* honour gone?
Where is our ancient virtue now?
That valour which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow:
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,
Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, and his pride.
Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a lyon, or a bear;
His very virtues threaten those,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!
Did men, for this, together join;
Quitting the free wild life of nature?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting-up his fellow-creature?
And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?
Oh, rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness and our woods, our huts and
(caves again,
There,

There, secure from lawless sway,
 Out of pride, or envy's way;
 Living up to nature's rules,
 Not deprav'd by knaves and fools;
 Happily we all shou'd live, and harmless as our sheep;
 And at last as calmly die, as infants fall asleep.

The EXECRATION.

PHYLLIS, be gentler, I advise;
 Make up for time mispent;
 When beauty on its death-bed lies,
 'Tis high-time to repent.

Such is the malice of your fate,
 That makes you old so soon;
 Your pleasure ever comes too late,
 How early ere begun.

Think what a wretched thing is she,
 Whose stars contrive in spite,
 The morning of her love shou'd be
 Her fading beauty's night.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
 You'll peevishly be coy,
 Die with the scandal of a whore,
 And never know the joy.



The Resign'd LOVER.

Ye shepherds, and nymphs, that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number, a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs:
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears,
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so;
And only, when dreaming, imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

*The charming CURTEZAN.*

PHYLLIS has a gentle heart,
 Willing to the lover's courting;
 Wanton nature, all love's art,
 To direct her in her sporting:
 In th' embrace, the look, the kiss,
 All is real inclination!
 No false raptures in the bliss,
 No feign'd sighing in the passion.

But O, who the charms can speak,
 Who the thousand ways of toying;
 When she does the lover make
 All a god in the enjoying?
 Who, the limbs that round him move,
 And constrain him to her blisses?
 Who, the eyes that swim in love,
 Or the lips that suck in kisses?

O the freaks when mad she grows,
 Raves all wild with the possessing!
 O the silent trance, that shows,
 The delight above expressing!
 Every way she does engage;
 Idly talking, speechless lying;
 She transports me with the rage,
 And she kills me in her dying.



The Midsummer Wish.

W AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To *Windsor's* shady, kind retreat;
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the dog-star's raging heat.

Where tufted grass, and mossy beds
Afford a rural calm repose;
Where wood-binds hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy *Thames*, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadow strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
His vales with golden plenty swell;
Where-e'er his purer streams are seen,
The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling tide.

Lay me, with damask-roses crown'd,
 Beneath some oſier's dusky ſhade;
 Where water-lillies deck the ground,
 Where bubbling ſprings reſreſh the glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there;
 With azure mantle ſlightly dreſt:
 Ye nymphs bind up her flowing hair;
 Ye zephyrs, fan her panting breſt.

O haſte away, fair maid, and bring
 The muſe, the kindly friend to love;
 To thee alone the muſe ſhall ſing,
 And warble thro' the vocal grove.

The Happy Lover.

TRANSPORTED with pleaſure,
 I gaze on my treaſure,
 And raviſh my fight;
 While ſhe, gaily ſmiling,
 My anguiſh beguiling,
 Augments my delight.

How bleſt is a lover,
 Whoſe torments are over,
 His fears and his pain;
 When beauty, relenting,
 Repays, with conſenting,
 Her ſcorn and diſdain

*The Passionate LOVER.*

AH, *Cloe*, thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn;
There sigh for my charmer, and long to return:
The fields all around me are smiling and gay;
But they smile all in vain — my *Cloe's* away;
The field and the grove can afford me no ease;
But, bring me my *Cloe*, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms;
I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms;
In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
These are not the looks of my *Cloe*, I cry. (thron'd,
Those looks where bright love, like the sun, sits en-
And, smiling, diffuses his influence round;
'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
Gaz'd at thee with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight;
It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night:
But now, by hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
In secret I languish, a prey to despair.
But absence and torment abate not my flame,
My *Cloe's* still charming, my passion the same:
Oh wou'd she preserve me a place in her breast,
Then absence wou'd please me, for I wou'd be blest.

TWEED-



TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does *Flora* disclose,
 How sweet are her smiles upon *Tweed*?
 Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Not daisies, nor sweet-blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not *Tweed*, gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
 The black-bird, and sweet-cooing dove,
 With musick inchant e'ry bush.
 Come let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does *Mary* not tend a few sheep!
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs shou'd lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss;
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces all round her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding *Tay*,
Or the pleasanter banks of the *Tweed*?

The **TORMENTS of SUSPENCE.**

TAKE pity, *Sylvia*, charming fair,
No more my fate suspend;
But solve my doubts, and ease my care;
Or bid me hope, or else despair;
And thus my suff'rings end.

A tedious month I've been confin'd,
Which is an age in love;
Nor will you e'er disclose your mind;
One while you're coy, and then you're kind;
Sometimes you neither prove.
Ah! cruel charmer, let me know my fate;
Whisper your love, or thunder out your hate.

*The Universal Lover.*

His whose active thoughts disdain
 To be captive to one foe,
 And wou'd break his single chain,
 Or else more wou'd undergo;
 Let him learn the art of me,
 By new bondage to be free.

What tyrannick mistress dare,
 To one beauty, love confine?
 Who, unbounded as the air,
 All may court but none decline,
 Why shou'd we the heart deny
 As many objects as the eye?

Wherefoe'er I turn or move,
 A new passion does detain me;
 Those kind beauties that do love,
 Or those proud one's that disdain me.
 This frown melts, and that frown burns me;
 This to tears, that ashes turns me.

Soft fresh virgins, not full blown,
 With their youthful sweetness take me;
 Sober matrons, that have known,
 Long since, what these prove, awake me:
 Here, stay'd coldness I admire;
 There the livelv active fire.

She,

She, that doth by skill dispense
Every favour she bestows;
Or the harmless innocence
Which nor court nor city knows,
Both alike my soul inflame;
That wild beauty, and this tame.

She that wisely can adorn
Nature, with the wealth of art:
Or, whose rural sweets do scorn
Borrow'd helps to take a heart;
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this my treasure.

Both the wanton and the coy,
Me, with equal pleasures move;
She, whom I by force enjoy,
Or, who forces me to love:
This, because she'll not confess;
That, not hide her happiness.

She, whose loosely flowing hair,
Scatter'd like the beams o'th' morn,
Playing with the sportive air,

Hides the sweets it doth adorn;
Captive in that net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

Nor does she with pow'r's less bright

My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread, like night,

O'er her shoulders a black shade;
For the star-light of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark skies.

Black,

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
 I alike with all can sport;
 The bold sprightly *Thais* woove,
 Or the frozen vestal court.
 Every beauty takes my mind;
 Ty'd to all, to none confin'd.

ALTERNATIVE.

SINCE *Phyllis* denies me relief,
 If she's angry I'll seek it in wine;
 Tho' she laughs at my amorous grief,
 At my mirth why shou'd she repine?

The sparkling champaign shall remove
 All the grief my dull soul has in store;
 My reason I lost when I lov'd,
 And by drinking what can I do more?

If *Phyllis* wou'd pity my pain,
 Or my amorous vows wou'd approve;
 The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
 And get drunk with nothing but love.





Love inconstant as the Sea.

LOVE still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose:

They are becalm'd, in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost;
They wither, under cold delays;
Or are, in tempests, lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then strait into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
Their vessel drives again.

At first, disdain, and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falshood soon appear,
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a bliss,
Believe me, gentle *Hermoine*,
No less inhuman is.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
 Perhaps wou'd not remove;
 And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
 I cou'd no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to guess,
 Than for me to explain;
 But grant, oh! grant that happiness,
 Which only does remain.

CAUTION *against* COYNESS.

PHYLLIS has such charming graces,
 Beauty triumphs in her eye:
 She was made for the embraces
 Of some mighty deity.
 Phyllis has such charming graces,
 I must love her tho' I die.

Have a care, celestial creature,
 Coyness may your beauty pall;
 You an angel are by nature;
 Angels, by their pride, lost all.
 Have a care, celestial creature,
 Lest I triumph in your fall.



The Reasonable REQUEST.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?

Must I die for every feature?

Must I always love in vain?

The desire of admiration,

Is the pleasure you pursue:

Pr'ythee try a lasting passion;

Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing cou'd not move you;

For a lover ought to dare:

When I plainly told I lov'd you,

Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy ways beſeeming?

Will my dear be fickle ſtill?

Conqueſt is the joy of women,

Let their ſlaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,

And my deſp'rate thoughts increaſe?

Pray conſider, if you kill me,

You will have a lover leſs.

If your wand'ring heart is beating

For new lovers, let it be:

But, when you have done coquetting,

Name a day, and fix on me.



The ANSWER.

IN vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er;
 What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more;
 Shou'd heav'n and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain; since any pow'r,
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But, if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure;
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict, endure.

The Irresistable CHARMER.

WHILE gentle *Parthenissa* walks,
 And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
 A thousand shafts around her fly,
 A thousand swains unheeded die.

If then she labours to be seen,
 With all her killing air and mien;
 From so much beauty so much art,
 What mortal can secure his heart?

THE TRUE



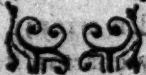
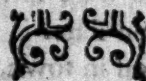
TRUE LOVE.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glitt'ring fops in courts be great;
For pay, let armies move:
Beauty shou'd have no other bait,
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay;
A thousand worlds too few.

But, if a passion, without vice,
Without disguise, or art,
Ah, *Celia*! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.





CLARINDA'S Repentance.

CLARINDA, the pride of the plain,
 So fam'd for her conquering charms,
 Repenting her scorn of a swain,
 Sat pensive, and folding her arms:
 Her lute, and her shining attire,
 Neglected, were laid at her side;
 While, pining with hopeless desire,
 The damsel thus mournfully cry'd:
 Oh! cou'd the past hours but return,
 When I triumph'd in *Angelos's* heart,
Clarinda wou'd mutually burn,
 Wou'd mutually suffer the smart:
 But, far from the plain he is gone!
 Enjoys the sweet smiles of a fair,
 Whose kindness the shepherd has won;
 And *Clarinda* no more is his care.
 How oft at these feet has he lain,
 Bewailing his sorrowful fate!
 But all his complaints were in vain,
 I foolishly doated on state.
 I long'd to be gaz'd on in town,
 To sparkle in golden array;
 By my drefs, and my charms, to be known,
 In the park, and at every new play.

I thought,

I thought, without grandeur and fame,
That marriage no blessing cou'd prove;
Some wealthy young heir was my aim;
And I slighted poor *Angelor's* love:
Such madness besotted my mind,
I receiv'd all his sighs with disdain;
I regarded his vows but as wind,
And scornfully smil'd at his pain.

How happy my fortune had been,
Cou'd my reason have conquer'd my pride!
In bliss I had rival'd a queen;
Had been my dear *Angelor's* bride:
With him more content I had found
Than grandeur and fame can supply;
For his fondness my wishes had crown'd
With a passion that never wou'd die.

I had feasted, with innocent joy,
On the pleasures of kindness and ease;
While the fears which the great ones annoy,
Had ne'er interrupted my peace.
But ah! that glad prospect is gone!
His love I can never regain:
And the loss I shall ever bemoan,
Till death shall relieve me from pain.

Thus wail'd the sad nymph, all in tears,
When the swain to the green did advance;
In his hand his new consort appears,
With a train, gaily join'd, in a dance:

Impa-

Impatient, and sick at the sight,
 To the neighbouring grove she retir'd,
 (Once the scene of her daily delight)
 And fainting, in silence, expir'd.

A great Fire not concealable.

I Cannot sigh and wish, alone,
 Tho' to speak may be in vain;
 I ne'er can be afraid to own
 A passion I must entertain.
 If thou this address accuse,
 Blame thy faulty charms, not me;
 'Tis but just they shou'd excuse,
 Since they caus'd this liberty.

A moderate passion, unreveal'd,
 Smother'd in my breast had been;
 As dying embers may, conceal'd,
 Burn awhile, and not be seen:
 But when wit and beauty join,
 Such a fire as mine to raise,
 Who can its fierce rage confine?
 It must needs burst forth, and blaze.





CYNDERAXA.

CYNDERAXA, kind and good,
Has all my heart and stomach too;
She makes me love, not loath, my food,
As other peevish wenches do.

When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan's* cell;
Which all, but I, a cole-hole call;
Fly, fly, ye that above stairs dwell,
Her face is wash'd: ye vanish all.

And, as she's fair, she can impart
That beauty, to make all things fine;
Brightens the floor with wondrous art,
And at her touch the dishes shine.

The REBEL subdu'd.

FOOLISH *Love*, be gone, said I;
Vain are thy attempts on me,
Thy soft allurements I defy;
Women, those fair dissemblers, fly,
My heart is not made for thee.

Love heard, and strait prepar'd a dart;
Myra, revenge my cause, said he:
Too sure 'twas shot; I feel the smart,
It rends my brain, and tears my heart:
O *Love*! my conqu'ror, pity me.



In for a PENNY, In for a POUND.

AURELIA, art thou mad;
 To let the world, in me,
 Envy joys I never had,
 And censure them in thee?
 Fill'd with grief for what is past,
 Let us at length be wise;
 And the banquet boldly taste,
 Since we have paid the price.

Love does easy souls despise,
 Who lose themselves for toys:
 And escape for those devise,
 Who taste his utmost joys.
 To be thus for trifles blam'd,
 Like their's a folly is,
 Who are for vain swearing damn'd,
 And knew no higher bliss.

Love shou'd, like the year, be crown'd,
 With sweet variety;
 Hope shou'd in the spring abound,
 Kind fears, and jealousy:
 In the summer flowers shou'd rise,
 And in the autumn fruit;
 His spring doth else but mock our eyes.
 And in a scoff salute.



The WIT and the BEAU.

STREPHON, whose person every grace
Was careful to adorn,
Thought, by the beauties of his face,
In *Sylvia's* love to find a place,
And wonder'd at her scorn.

With bows and smiles he did his part;
But oh! 'twas all in vain:
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And wou'd not out again.

Strephon with change of habits press'd,
And urg'd her to admire;
His love alone the other dress'd,
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

This found; his courtship *Strephon* ends,
Or makes it to his glass;
There in himself now seeks amends;
Convinc'd, that where a *wit* pretends,
A *beau* is but an ass.

COLIN'S *Constancy.*

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining;
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief —
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cru'ly use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you shou'd excuse him:
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire, by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone canst quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee, I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain;
 For thee, that only flights me;
 This love, that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee's commended;
 Oh! would'st thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over;
Yet it defends thy heart, like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' it shou'd ne'er relent,
Nor *Colin's* care e'er move thee,
Yet, till life's latest breath is spent,
My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

The LOVER'S Consolation.

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
A pleasing, happy ruin:

'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies, wishing and admiring.

But, if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know;
Or learn you mine of loving.

But, whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride;
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.



DASTARD MODESTY. *By a LADY.*

YOUNG *Damon*, wounded with a dart
 Shot from *Belinda's* eye,
 Forsakes the fields, to ease his heart
 With musick's melody.
 To balls and theatres he goes,
 And seeks to sooth his am'rous woes;
 But all the means are vain;
 Since sprightly sounds blow up the fire,
 Which beauty doth at first inspire,
 And raise, not cure, his pain.

'Twas not the way to be secure
 From *Cupid's* mighty bow,
 To seek from *Phæbus'* lyre a cure:
 But I can tell him how —
 Drive dastard modesty away,
 And make a daring, dear essay,
 To gain the nymph's consent:
 'Tis that alone can give you ease;
 Returns of love will pains redress,
 And yield you wish'd content.



MEN's Cowardice makes WOMEN Tyrants.

A WRETCH, long tortur'd with disdain,
That hourly pin'd, but pin'd in vain;
At length the god of wine addrest,
The refuge of a wounded breast.

Vouchsafe, oh pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart.

Thus to the jolly god he cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd;
Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff this sneaking form away:

With dauntless mien approach the fair;
The way to conquer is to dare.
The swain pursu'd the god's advice:
The nymph was now no longer nice.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind;
When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear.

*The W H E T.*

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day;
Gouty fots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
And to drinking gives light ;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height ;
They steal wine, who take it
When he's out of fight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines,
The higher he rises,
The more he refines ;
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.





Voluntary CONSTANCY.

HAD *Phyllis* neither charms nor graces,
More than the rest of women wear,
Levell'd by fate with common faces,
Yet *Damon* cou'd esteem her fair.

Good-natur'd love can soon forgive
Those petty injuries of time,
And all th' affronts of years impute
To her misfortune, not her crime.

Wedlock puts love upon the rack,
Makes it confess 'tis still the same
In icy age, as it appear'd
At first, when all was lively flame.

If *Hymen's* slaves, whose ears are bor'd,
Thus constant by compulsion be,
Why shou'd not choice indear us more,
Than them their hard necessity?

Phyllis! 'tis true, thy glass does run;
But since mine too keeps equal pace,
My silver hairs may trouble thee,
As much as me thy ruin'd face.

Then let us constant be as heav'n,
 Whose laws inviolable are;
 Not like those rambling meteors there,
 That ill foretel, and disappear.

So shall a pleasing calm attend
 Our long uneasy destiny;
 So shall our loves, and lives, expire,
 From storms and tempests ever free.

M Y R A 's Power.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
 When I approach the perjur'd maid,
 What is it awes my tim'rous heart?
 Why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind,
 Such wond'rous pow'r have *Mira's* charms,
 She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
 And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
 When gazing on that form divine,
 Her injur'd vassal trembling bows.
 Nor dares her slave repine.



The Delicate LOVER.

PHYLLIS, men say, that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid:
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure wou'd afford,
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Of costly food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour:
But, like the harmless bee, can feed,
And not impair the flow'r.

A spotless innocence like thine
May such a flame allow;
Yet thy fair name for ever shine,
As doth thy beauty now.

*The SENSES Delighted.*

BRIGHT *Cynthia's* pow'r's divinely great;
What heart is not obeying?
A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her eyes are playing.

She seems the queen of love to reign;
For she alone dispences
Such sweets, as best can entertain
The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings;
Her breath gives balmy blisses:
I hear an angel when she sings,
And taste of heav'n in kisses.

Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
From nature's chiefest treasure;
Let me the other sense employ,
And I shall die with pleasure.



*The* DESCRIPTION.

THO' beauty, like the rose
That smiles on *Polwarth* green,
In various colours shows,
As 'tis by fancy seen:
Yet all its diff'rent glories lie
United in thy face;
And virtue, like the sun on high,
Gives rays to every grace.

So charming is her air,
So smooth, so calm, her mind,
That to some angel's care
Each motion seems assign'd:
But yet so cheerful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful moments fly,
As if for wings they stole the ray
She darteth from her eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful voice she sings,
Perfume her breath, and smile,
And wave their balmy wings:
But as the tender blushes rise,
Soft innocence doth warm,
The soul in blissful extasies
Dissolveth in the charm.

*The Wandering BEAUTY.*

THE graces and the wand'ring loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or in deep groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

But see! implor'd by moving pray'rs,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you, she'll e'er resign?
Cease fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood, like you;
Or you, like her, divine.





ADVICE to LOVERS.

WHAT tho' you cannot move her,
With all your art and pressing?

Vex not, fond silly lover,

Nor curse the vain addressing.

Why shou'd you lament,

When she shou'd repent?

What help, if a fool will deny thee?

'Tis all but a miss

Of a face, and a kiss;

And there's a good sex to supply thee.

Who knows, wou'd you but leave her,

What change she may discover?

Perhaps may grant the favour,

Rather than lose the lover.

If nothing avail,

Yet, 'tis odds if she fail

To give thee full right to disdain her;

When, after thy love

And thy worth cou'd not move,

A fool that has neither shall gain her.

Make love an easy fashion,

And thy success thy measure;

Discarding still the passion,

That will not bring the pleasure.

Examine

Examine not why,
 The lady is shy;
 If nature, or honour, advise her;
 But, thy part fairly done,
 If she'll not be won,
 Take leave, and look out for a wiser.

Fated to LOVE.

You ask, *Melissa*, why I love;
 Go, ask the rising sun,
 The moon, the stars, ask why they move,
 And in their order run.

Go to the seas, the restless seas,
 Ask why they ebb and flow;
 Ask why the damn'd are ne'er at ease,
 The happy always so.

Go, search thro' nature's secret laws,
 Why to herself she's true;
 If you extort from her the cause,
 Then I will answer you.





ADVICE to a FRIEND in Love.

PR'Y THEE, *Billy*,
Be'n't so filly,
Thus to waste thy days in grief:
You say, *Betty*
Will not let ye;
But, can sorrow give relief?
Leave repining,
Cease your whining,
Pox on torment, grief, and woe;
If she's tender,
She'll surrender;
If she's tough — e'en let her go.

To his Various MISTRESS.

WH Y, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy?
Why does that cold forbidding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art,
By turns, to freeze and fire my heart:
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er;
I cannot love thee less, nor more.

*The TRUCK.*

WHY shou'd coy beauty be so hard,
To be to joy persuaded?

Why so perversely stand its guard,
By love and youth invaded?

Did ever dame against the knight,
Who came to her redressing,
For the rude giant-jailer fight,
And help her own oppressing?

Such honour is, the tender maid,
With rigid force, restraining;
Love soon, with leave, wou'd lend his aid,
And end the tyrant's reigning,
But, the poor fool's so taught to dread
Her friend, her foe to favour,
She thinks it ruin, to be freed;
Protection, to enslave her.

Be wise, ye fair, and keep not dead
Upon your hands your treasure;
The honest lover does but plead
For a fair truck of pleasure;
Between the nymph and swain, that join
In love, 'tis equal trading;
He gains the riches of her mine,
And she his vessel's lading.



The Peremptory LOVER.

I LOVE thee, by heav'n; I cannot say more;
Then set not my passion a cooling:
If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er;
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in deeds;
Then why shou'd we waste time in stuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds;
And a word to the wise is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known;
But I hate all protesting and argu'ing:
Had a goddess my heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying;
Pr'ythee be thou so too, seek for no better terms,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy nay in.

I cannot bear love, like a chancery-suit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatick fool;
Like the grace of fanatical finners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their dinners.

MYRTILLO's Death deplored.

ASK not, why sorrow shades my brow;
Nor why my sprightly looks decay:
Alas! what need I beauty now,
Since he that lov'd it, dy'd to day?

Can ye have ears, and yet not know
Myrtillo, brave Myrtillo's slain?
Can ye have eyes, and they not flow,
Or hearts, that do not share my pain?

He's gone! he's gone! and I will go;
For in my breast such wars I have,
And thoughts of him perplex me so,
That the whole world appears my grave.

But I'll go to him, tho' he be
Wrapt in the cold, cold arms of death:
And under yon sad cypress tree
I'll mourn, I'll mourn away my breath.

LOVE'S



LOVE'S Scrutiny.

WHY dost thou say I am forsworn,
'Cause thine I vow'd to be?
Thou see'st it is already morn;
And 'twas last night I promis'd thee
That fond impossibility.

And I have lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours space;
I shou'd all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Shou'd I still doat upon thy face.

Not but all joys in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must have the black, and fair:
So for treasures some do found
In altogether unknown ground.

But if, when I have rang'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant'st she,
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd;
I laden will return to thee,
E'en fated with variety.

*MYRTILLO'S Despair.*

ONE night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair
The wand'ring shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care :
Begone, said he, fond thoughts, be gone ;
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er :
Why shou'd you waste your tears for one,
That thinks on you no more ?

Yet all the birds, the flocks, and pow'rs,
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have pass'd in love :
The stars above (my cruel foes)
Have heard how she has sworn
A thousand times, that, like to those,
Her flame shou'd ever burn.

But, since she's lost, oh ! let me have
My wish, and quickly die :
In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain ;
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
And never wak'd again.

PATTIE



PATTIE and PEGGIE.

Pat. **B**y the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And row'ing eye, which, smiling, tells the
truth,

I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love; and why shou'd ye deny?

Peg. But ken ye, lad, gin we confels o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

Pat. But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and fae may ye:
Red-cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang haff year.

Peg. Then dinna' pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Pattie's* arms, for good and a':
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

Pat. O charming armsfou! hence ye cares away,
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

Chorus

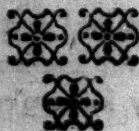
Chorus. *Sun, gallop down the westlin skyes,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day;
And if ye're weary'd, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

BEAUTY and MUSICK.

YE swains, whom radiant beauty moves,
Or musick's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapt'rous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join :

Where *Cupid's* bow, and *Phæbus'* lyre,
In the same pow'rful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound.

Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow;
If young *Harmonia's* strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too soon you'll know.





The Cautious LOVERS.

SYLVIA, let's from the croud retire;
For, what to you and me
(Who but each other do desire)
Is all that here we see?

Apart we'll live, tho' not alone;
For, who alone can call
Those, who in deserts live with one,
If in that one they've all?

The world a vast meander is,
Where hearts confus'dly stray;
Where few do hit, while thousands miss
The happy mutual way:

Where hands are by stern parents ty'd,
Who oft, in *Cupid's* scorn,
Do for the widow'd state provide,
Before that love is born:

Where some too soon themselves misplace;
Then in another find
The only temper, wit, or face,
That cou'd affect their mind.

Others (but oh! avert that fate!)

A well-chosē object change:

Fly, *Sylvia*, fly, e'er 'tis too late

Fall'n nature's prone to range:

And tho' in heat of love we swear

More than perform we can;

No goddess you, but woman are,

And I no more than man.

Th' impatient *Sylvia* heard thus long;

Then with a smile reply'd:

Those bands cou'd ne'er be very strong,

Which accidents divide.

Who e'er was mov'd yet to go down,

By such o'er-cautious fear;

Or for one lover left the town,

Who might have numbers here?

Your heart, 'tis true, is worth them all,

And still prefer'd the first;

But, since confess'd so apt to fall,

'Tis good to fear the worst.

In antient history we meet

A flying nymph betray'd;

Who, had she kept in faithful *Crete*,

New conquests might have made.

And

And sure, as on the beach she stood,
To view the parting sails,
She curs'd herself, more than the flood,
Or the conspiring gales.

False *Theseus*, since thy vows are broke,
May following nymphs beware:
Methinks I hear how thus she spoke,
And will not trust too far.

In love, in play, in trade, in war,
They best themselves acquit,
Who, tho' their interests shipwreck'd are,
Keep unprov'd their wit.

MAN'S Hypocrisy.

SITTING by yonder river's side,
Parthenia thus to *Cloe* cry'd,
Whilst from the nymph's fair eyes apace
Another stream o'erflow'd her beauteous face;
Ah! happy nymph, said she, that can
So little value that false creature man.

Oft the perfidious things will cry,
They love, they bleed, they burn, they die:
But, if they're absent half a day,
Nay, let them be but one poor hour away,
No more they die, no more complain,
But, like unconstant wretches, live again.

*The Artful MISTRESS.*

By beauty's charms *Camilla* gains
A conquest o'er the heart:
A certain empire then maintains,
By various subtle art.

She knows, a constant fondness cloys,
And palls the lover's taste:
So measures out his scanty joys,
Nor favours grants in waste.

Sometimes the jealous mood she tries,
Feigns fears and doubts of love:
Doubts, to be clear'd by vows and sighs,
The am'rous flame t' improve.

If e'er of bliss he grows secure,
And indolence ensues;
A new gallant she makes her lure,
And passion thus renews.

While slighted maids, like *Dido*, rave
At gods and men, in vain;
By wond'rous skill she holds her slave
In an eternal chain.



WOMAN'S Honour.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phyllis continu'd still unkind:
Then you may e'en despair, he said,
In vain I strive to change her mind:

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I'd take your part,
And shew my self a mightier god.

Thus huffing Honour domineers
In breasts, where he alone has place;
But, if true gen'rous Love appears,
The hector dares not shew his face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd;
I have some pleasure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

I fall a sacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for Honour's sake;
Whose tyrant does most cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Consider *real Honour* then,
 You'll find her's cannot be the same:
 'Tis noble confidence, in men;
 In women, mean distrustful shame.

Ineffectual COYNES.

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
 Since time doth truth approve?
 Such distance may consist with state,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or distrust,
 That do such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last unjust,
 Let neither blemish you.

If you intend to draw me on,
 You over-act your part;
 And, if it be to have me gone,
 You need not half this art:
 For, if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past.
 The rest shall be my own.





Song for a MUSICK-MEETING.

COME, stoick, come, thou proud philosopher,
Thou, thou that art so cold, and so severe;
Who, with vain gravity diseas'd,
Art so afraid of being pleas'd;
Come, listen, listen to our tuneful strains,
View the delightful nymphs, and ravish'd swains.
Poor, lost philosopher,
How wilt thou find thy passions here?
How wish thy self all eye; and wish thy self all ear!
*Come, stoick, come, thou proud philosopher,
Thou, thou that art so cold, and so severe.*

Who so severe, whom musick cannot charm?
So cold, whom beauty cannot warm?
But when both, both are combining,
Both united forces joining,
Then what madness 'tis to arm!
When so kind too is th' alarm,
And such softness does impart,
Such gladfom tremblings to the heart.
*Who so severe, whom musick cannot charm?
So cold, whom beauty cannot warm?*

Let loose thy soul to joy;
Nor call what pleases thee a toy.

Fool he, that wants to be above
 Gay delight, and gentle love!
 Fool, against himself contriving,
 Who, with kindly nature striving,
 Quarrels with the sweets of living,

*Let loose thy soul to joy,
 Nor call what pleases thee a toy.*

Virtue, the mistress of thy care,

Is but a part of good;

Pleasure's the rest; is lovely fair,

And wou'd be wisely woo'd;

Cheat not thy self of bliss was meant thee;

But take, take all kind fate has sent thee.

Grand CHORUS.

All, all at fav'rite hours improve,

Deal in musick, deal in love;

All thy faculties employ.

To treat thy jolly nature high;

Every sense allow its joy,

And every joy its luxury:

Let not age have to complain,

That neglected youth was vain,

Its pleasures an untasted stream;

Let not time when 'tis gone,

Say, that nothing was done,

And life scarce so good as a dream.



TEA-DRINKERS *Despised.*

CONFOUND those dull fools,
Who, for coffee or tea,
Do fly the delights
Of true *Burgundy*.

Hot water can never
Dull humours expel;
For our parts, boys, let's away,
Let's away to the *Bell*.

To our mistresses healths
Let's take off our glasses,
And laugh at those tea-drinking
Politick asses.

Unkind DAMON.

IBURN, I burn, I burn, with grief!
My bosom blazes, fierce the flames!
Whither shall I, raging, rove?
To what shady bow'r, or grove,
Or cooling, crystal streams?
In vain, in vain, I seek relief
From chilly frost, or fleecy snows!
Damon, like the adder deaf,
Heaps the fewel on my grief,
And hell within me blows.



The Jolly HAYMAKERS.

C O M E, neighbours, now we've made our hay,
The fun in haste
Drives to the west,

With sports, with sports, conclude the day.

Let every man chuse out his lass,

And then salute her on the grass;

And when you find

She's coming kind,

Let not that moment pass.

Chor. *We'll toss off our bowls with true love and honour,
To all kind loving girls, and the lord of the manor.*

At night, when round the hall we're set,

With good brown bowls,

To cheer our souls,

And raise a merry, merry char;

When blood grows warm, and love runs high,

And jokes all round the table fly;

Then we retreat,

And that repeat

Which all wou'd gladly try.

Then again toss our bowls, &c.

Let lazy great ones of the town

Drink night away,

And sleep all day,

Till gouty, gouty they are grown:

Our

Our nightly sports such vigour give,
That oftentimes we do revive,

And kiss our dames
With stronger flames
Than any prince alive.

Then again tofs our bowls, &c.

PHILANDER'S Complaint.

By a broad, a shadowy willow,
Heav'n his cov'ring, earth his pillow,

Young *Philander* lay;
Wailing to the passing fountain,
Eccho answering from a mountain,
Thus he spent the day.

' *Cloe*, fairest, dearest, creature!

' Why so great a foe to nature?

' Why so coy to me?

' Find you musick in my sighing?

' Can you see a shepherd dying?

' Dying too for thee!

When old night had stretch'd her curtain,

To his hut the youth resorting,

Wail'd his ditty o'er:

All the nymphs, but *Cloe*, borrow

Water from his sea of sorrow,

And his case deplore.

Written



*Written at Sea, by the late Earl of DORSET,
in the first Dutch War, the Evening
before a bloody Sea-fight.*

To all ye ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first wou'd have ye understand
How hard it is to write;
The muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.

For tho' the muses shou'd prove kind,
And fill our empty brain,
Yet if rough Neptune call the wind,
To rouse the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we
Roul up and down our ships at sea.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind,
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By *Dutchmen*, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way;
The tide shall bring them twice a day.

The king, with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they us'd of old.

But

But let him know it is our tears
Brings floods of grief to *Whitehall* stairs.

Shou'd foggy *Opdam* chance to know

Our sad and dismal story,

The *Dutch* wou'd scorn so weak a foe,

And say, they've gain'd no glory!

For what resistance can they find

From men who've left their hearts behind?

Let wind and weather do its worst,

Be you to us but kind;

Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,

No sorrow we shall find;

'Tis then no matter how things go,

Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,

We throw a merry main;

Or else at serious *Ombre* play;

But why shou'd we in vain

Each others ruin thus pursue?

We were undone when we left you.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,

And cast our hopes away,

Whilst you, regardless of our woe,

Sit careless at a play;

Perhaps permit some happier man

To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.

When

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note,
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
 For being so remote ;
 Think then how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress,
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness ;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.

And now we've told you all our loves,
 And likewise all our fears ;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity for our tears ;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at sea.

RESIGNATION.

Ye gods, ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your wonted favour,
 To be the comfort of my life ;
 And I was glad to have her.

But, if your providence divine
 For greater bliss design her ;
 T'obey your will, at any time,
 I'm ready to resign her.

SECRECY.



SECRET.

FEAR not, dear love, that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun,
Descry what thou and I have done;
No ear shall hear our love; but we
As silent as the night will be:
The god of love himself (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know what we can tell,
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell:
This only means may find it out,
If, when I die, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and then, to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart, oh! then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

The Dewy Primrose.

You ask me why I sent to you
A primrose of a varied hue,
Bepearl'd, and bending with the dew!
So lovers hopes are dash'd with fears;
So lovers sweets are mix'd with tears;
So transient proye a lover's years!

CUPID

CUPID *Disarmed* by DORINDA.

As *Cupid* wander'd here and there,
Not knowing where to rest,
By chance he met *Dorinda* fair,
And perch'd upon her breast.

Mother, cries the gentle boy,
My bow and quiver take,
Whilst I these balmy hours enjoy:
And small was his mistake.

But now his shafts are his no more,
And she commands his darts,
His bow, and ensigns of his power;
With these she wounds all hearts.

You that before withstood her eyes,
Must now her mercy try:
The stoutest now must fall a prize,
And doubly-wounded die.

But yet let love an empire find
In you, compleat with joy;
Venus was ever soft and kind,
Not cruel as her boy.



The Force of GOLD with the LADIES.

A MINTAS bade his youthful heart
To fair *Sabina* go;
But thus, before it did depart,
He taught it what to do:

Love her, said he, and let her know
Whose eyes thou dost adore;
Serve, court, nay, fawn and flatter too,
But let her have no more.

Lay slavish fear aside, for that
Subjects thee to her law;
A man becomes a cully strait,
If once he's kept in awe.

A woman, that has any wit,
Wont favour, but despise,
The man that's always at her feet
In flames and extacies.

Thou may'st go on with tears and sighs,
Thou may'st admire and doat;
She, smiling, turns aside, and cries,
My lover's but a sot.

On gifts and money ne'er rely,
For constant love and true;
With them false oaths and vows you buy,
Your gold is lov'd, not you.

A woman's love and constancy,
Merit and love may gain;
But what with faithless gold you buy,
Gold will unbuy again,

This great World a Trouble.

THIS great world is a trouble,
Where all must their fortunes bear;
Make the most of the bubble,
You'll have but a neighbour's fare.
Let not jealousy teize ye,
Think of nought but to please ye;
What's past 'tis but in vain
For mortals to wish again.

When dull cares do attack you,
Drinking will those clouds repel;
Four full bottles will make you
Happy, they seldom fail.
If a fifth shou'd be wanted,
Ask the gods, 'twill be granted;
Thus with ease you'll obtain
A remedy for all pain.

Chorus



*Chorus of Roman Soldiers, to be sung in
the Tragedy of BRUTUS, written by the
late Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

O UR vows thus chearfully we sing,
While martial musick fires our blood,
Let all the neighb'ring ecchoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
*And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.*

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be born;
May she beware of foreign arms,
And send them back with noble scorn.

May she no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waste her wealth, and spill her blood.

Our senators great *Jove* restrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the losing all.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
 Then to the glorious combat fly;
 Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
 Except to overcome, or die.

They fight, oppression to increase;
 We, for our liberties and laws :
 It were a sin to doubt success,
 When freedom is the noble cause.

M U S I C K.

MUSICK, sweet, enchanting spell,
 That can spread a hush in hell,
 Warble from thy sacred spheres,
 In a gently gliding strain;
 Strike our spirits thro' our ears,
 And lull to rest our pain.

Who wou'd not forget his grief,
 Musick lending such relief?
 Musick's soft delicious numbers
 Cure our care, and mend our losses :
 Life itself, in easy slumbers,
 Breathes away on beds of roses.





Youth the proper Time for Love.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth,
Was coy to every lover;
Regardless of their tend'rest truth,
No soft complaint cou'd move her.

Mankind was hers; all at her feet
Lay prostrate and adoring;
The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now, grown old, she wou'd repair
Her loss of time and pleasure;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But love's a summer flow'r, that dies
With the first weather's changing;
The lover, like the swallow, flies,
From sun to sun still ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your foolish heart to reason;
Youth is the proper time for love;
And age is virtue's season.



The Charming WALK.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When *Mary* was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye,
 Blyth *Davie's* blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn, *Davie*, love,
 And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side;
 And *Mary* was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride;
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white;
 Her eyn were bonny blue;
 Her looks were like *Aurora* bright;
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said!
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest;
 In yonder vale they lain'd 'em down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wa'k sae sweet;
And that they aften shou'd return,
Sic pleasure to renew.
Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

For a SERENADE.

TEACH me, *Cloe*, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast.

Where can *Strephon* find repose,
If *Cloe* is not there?

For ah! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.

What tho' *Phæbus* from on high
With-holds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day.

Kindness



Kindness expressed too late.

As *Sylvia* in a forest lay,
 To vent her woes alone,
 Her swain *Sylvander* pass'd that way,
 And heard her dying moan.

‘ Ah! is my love (she said) to you
 ‘ So worthless and so vain?
 ‘ Why is your wonted fondness now
 ‘ Converted to disdain?

‘ You vow’d, the day shou’d darkness turn,
 ‘ Ere you’d exchange your love:
 ‘ In shades now may creation mourn,
 ‘ Since you unfaithful prove.

‘ Was it for this I credit gave
 ‘ To every oath you swore?
 ‘ But ah! it seems, they most deceive,
 ‘ Who most our charms adore.

‘ ’Tis plain your drift was all deceit;
 ‘ The practice of mankind!
 ‘ Alas! I see it — but too late!
 ‘ My love had made me blind.

‘ What

‘ What cause, *Sylvander*, have I given
‘ For cruelty so great?
‘ Yes — for your sake, neglected heaven;
‘ And hugg’d you into hate!

‘ For you, delighted, I cou’d die,
‘ But oh! with grief I’m fill’d,
‘ To think that credulous, constant I
‘ Shou’d by yourself be kill’d.

‘ But what avail my sad complaints,
‘ While you my cause neglect?
‘ My wailing inward sorrow vents,
‘ Without the wish’d effect.’

This said — all breathless, sick, and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander now begins to melt;
But, ere the word was spoke,
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And her poor heart was broke.





The COMPARISON.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
 More with your number than your light,
 Like common people of the skies;
 What are you when the moon doth rise?

You violets, that first appear,
 By your fine purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are you when the rose is blown?

You warbling chanters of the wood,
 Who fill our ears with nature's lays,
 Thinking your passion's understood
 By meaner accents; what's your praise,
 When *Philomel* her voice doth raise?

You glorious trifles of the east,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praise,
 When the bright diamond shews his rays?

So

So, when my princeſs ſhall be ſeen
In beauty of her face and mind,
By virtue firſt, then choice, a queen;
Tell me, if ſhe were not deſign'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

The roſe, the violet, the whole ſpring,
Unto her breath for ſweetneſs run;
The diamond's darken'd in the ring;
If ſhe appear, the moon's undone,
As in the preſence of the ſun.

Man's Fear the Cauſe of Womens Chaſtity.

IMPATIENT with deſire, at laſt
I ventur'd to lay forms aſide:
'Twas I was modeſt, not ſhe chaſte;
Celia, ſo ſtrongly preſs'd, comply'd.

With idle awe, an am'rous fool,
I gaz'd upon her eyes with fear;
Say, love, how came your ſlave ſo dull,
To read no better there?

Thus to ourſelves the greateſt foes;
Altho' the nymph be well inclin'd,
For want of courage to propoſe,
By our own folly ſhe's unkind.



The Soldier's Conquest, the Physician's Gain.

WHEN first I laid siege to my *Cloris*,
 Cannon-oaths I brought down
 To batter the town,
 And I bomb'd her with amorous stories.

Billet-doux, like small shot, did so ply her,
 And sometimes a song
 Went whistling along,
 But still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent word by a trumpet,
 If I lik'd that life,
 She wou'd be my wife,
 But she wou'd be no man's strumpet.

I told her that *Mars* wou'd not marry;
 And swore by my scars,
 Got in combats and wars,
 That I'd sooner dig stones in a quarry.

At length she granted the favour,
 Without the dull curse,
 For better for worse,
 And sav'd the dull parson the labour.

But

But what do you think of my doxy?
I was forc'd, after all,
To go to doctor *Wall*,
The b—— had so damnably pox'd me.

The Modest REQUEST.

MISTAKE not, *Celia*, the design,
When I your worth proclaim;
Or dedicate a verse of mine
To your distinguish'd name.

The muses were ordain'd, to shew
The glories of your sex;
Then why shou'd what is sung of you,
Your modest mind perplex?

At thoughts of you, my muse takes wing,
My tender bosom warms:
Indulge me then with leave to sing,
Or lay aside your charms.

No grateful answer I desire,
No favours I implore;
'Tis all I want, or will require,
Allow me to adore.

*The PERSUASION.*

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet lady,
Leave kindred and friends, for me;
Assur'd your servant is steady
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature, and fortune,
May fly by chance, as they came;
These grounds the destinies sport on:
But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Your charms so heav'nly appear,
That, other beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my dear.
And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
The pleasure we promise our loves,
To share them together is fitter
Than moan asunder, like doves.

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
To clasp my fair in my arms!
By thee to be clasp'd, and kissed,
And live on thy heav'n of charms!
I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
Shou'd fortune capricious prove;
Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to love.



CORYDON'S Complaint.

As love-sick *Corydon* beside
A murm'ring riv'let lay,
Thus plain'd he fair *Cosmelia*'s pride;
And, plaining, dy'd away.

' Fair stream, said he, when-e'er you pour
' Your treasure in the sea,
' To sea-nymphs tell what I endure,
' Perhaps they'll pity me;

' And, sitting on the clifly rocks,
' In melting songs, express,
' (While as they comb their golden locks)
' To trav'lers my distress:

' Say, *Corydon*, an honest swain!
' The fair *Cosmelia* lov'd;
' While she, with undeserv'd disdain,
' His constant torment prov'd:

' Ne'er shepherd lov'd a shepherdess
' More faithfully than he:
' Ne'er shepherd yet regarded less,
' By shepherdess cou'd be.

- Oft to the vales, and to the hills,
 - Did he, alas! complain;
 - How oft re-eccho'd these his ills!
 - Those felt his fatal pain!
 - How oft, on banks of stately trees,
 - And on the tufted greens,
 - Ingrav'd he tales of his disease,
 - And what his soul sustains!
 - Yet fruitless all his sorrows prov'd,
 - And fruitless all his art!
 - She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,
 - And broke, at last, his heart!
-

A COQUET'S Fate.

CLOE, a coquet in her prime,
 The vainest, ficklest, thing alive;
 Behold the strange effects of time!
 Marries, and doats, at forty-five.

Thus weather cocks, who for a while
 Have veer'd about with every blast,
 Grown old, and destitute of oil,
 Rust to a point, and fix at last.



Advice to coy CLARINDA.

IN vain a thousand slaves have try'd
To overcome *Clarinda's* pride:
Pity pleading,
Love persuading;
When her icy heart is thaw'd,
Honour chides, and straight she's aw'd.
Foolish creature,
Follow nature,
Waste not thus your prime;
Youth's a treasure,
Love's a pleasure,
Both destroy'd by time.

Silence a Sign of Love.

'Tis kindly judg'd, and I approve
Your silence, as a sign of love:
You knew, your breath my flame wou'd spread;
You knew, your voice wou'd strike me dead.

Yet, tho' my fate hangs on your tongue,
Tho' you can slay me with a song,
still let me such denials hear,
As charm my soul into my ear.



The Marry'd Man's ITEMS.

To friend, and to foe,
And to all that I know,
That to marriage-estate do prepare;
Remember your days,
In your several ways,
Are trouble, with sorrow, and care;

For he that doth look
In the marry'd man's book,
And read but the *Items* all over,
Shall find them to come,
At length to a sum,
Shall empty purse, pocket, and coffer.

In the pastimes of love,
When their labour doth prove,
And the kinclin beginneth to kick,
For this and for that,
And I know not for what,
The woman must have or be sick.

There's *Item* set down
For a loose-body'd gown,
In her longing you must not deceive her;
For a bodkin, a ring,
And the other fine thing,
For a cornet and lace to be braver.

Deliver'd

Deliver'd and well,
Who is't cannot tell,
That while the child lies at the nipple,
There's *Item* for wine,
'Mong gossips so fine,
And sugar to sweeten their tipple.

There's *Item*, I hope,
For starch and for soap;
There's *Item* for fire and candle;
For better, for worse,
There's *Item* for nurse,
The baby to dress and to dandle.

When swaddled in lap,
There's *Item* for pap,
And *Item* for pot, pan, and ladle,
A coral with bells,
Which custom compels,
And *Item* a crown for a cradle:

With twenty odd knacks,
Which the little one lacks;
And thus doth thy pleasure betray thee;
Yet this is the sport,
In country and court;
Then will not the charges dismay thee?





The Struggle between Desire and Fame.

C E L I A, with mournful pleasure, hears
 My soft complaints of love;
 Mingles her wishes, sighs, and tears,
 And vows her heart I move:
 But, when to the blest hour I press,
 The willing maid denies;
 And, tho' a passion she confess,
 Yet her lov'd martyr dies.

Duty forbids my tender suit,
 When-e'er she bids me live;
 That guardian fame defends the fruit,
 The nodding bough wou'd give:
 Ah! might I with an am'rous prayer
 Atone her fate and mine,
 We'd both enjoy; but to my share
 Fall all the load of sin.

The Beauties of the Season detain'd.

Y E fragrant scents, and colours fine,
 Or with the seasons fly, or stay:
 Where-e'er ye breathe, where-e'er ye shine,
 To find ye I shall learn the way.

In vain ye hope, at *hide and seek*,
 My senses fond pursuits to fly;
 I'll catch you on *Belinda's* cheek,
 Or some convenient charm near by.

Despotie



Despotic Power of LOVE.

FROM friends all inspir'd with brisk *Burgundy* wine,
Speaking raptures of reason, and sayings divine,
I come, I come, from this heaven I come,
And through dirt and darkness I willingly roam,
To follow a boy, who confesses he's blind;
He tells me of hopes, but he leads me thro' fear,
Nay, sometimes I'm just at the brink of despair;
Yet on I still follow, leaving behind
My two mighty blessings, my bottle and friend;
He tells me of hope beyond this, yet will not declare
Where my journey shall end.

Ah! what charms have those eyes,
That love so strong can inspire;
It mirth, wit, and friendship, defies,
And wine cannot slacken its fire?
Then, spite of myself, I must follow him still,
A devil, or a god, let him be what he will;
I cannot, nay, will not retire,
No, tho' I were sure to be burnt in the fire.





He that made ONE made TWO.

COME, chear up your hearts,
 And call for your quarts,
 And let there no liquor be lacking;
 We have money in store,
 And intend for to roar
 Until we have sent it all packing:
 Then, drawer, make haste,
 And let no time waste,
 But give every man his due;
 To avoid all trouble,
 Go fill the pot double,
 Since he that made one, made two:
To avoid, &c.

Come, drink, my hearts, drink,
 And call for your wine,
 'Tis that makes a man to speak truly;
 What sot can refrain,
 Or daily complain,
 That he, in his drink, is unruly:
 Then drink and be civil,
 Intending no evil,
 If that you'll be rul'd by me;
 For claret and sack,
 We never will lack,
 Since he that made two, made three.
For claret, &c.

A Collection of Songs. 181

The old curmudgeon
Sits all the day drudging
At home, with brown bread and small beer;
With scraping damn'd pelf,
He starveth himself,
Scarce eats a good meal in a year:
But we'll not do so,
Howe'er the world go,
Since that we have money in store;
For claret and sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made three made four.
For claret, &c.

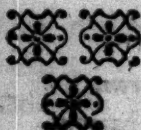
Come, drink, my hearts, drink,
And call for your wine,
D'ye think that I'll leave you i'the lurch;
My reck'ning I'll pay,
Ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as *Paul's* church.
Tho' some men will say,
This is not the way
For us, in this world, to thrive;
'Tis no matter for that,
Let us have t'other quart,
Since he that made four made five.
'Tis no matter, &c.

A pox of old *Charon*,
His brains are all barren,
His liquor (like coffee) is dry;

But

But we are for wine,
'Tis a drink more divine,
Without it we perish and die:
Then troll it about,
Until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in spite of his *Styx*;
If he grudges his ferry,
We'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made five made six.
If he grudges, &c.

But now the time's come,
That we all must go home,
Our liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes me repine,
That a god so divine,
Won't give us one cup at our parting:
But since 'tis all paid,
Let's not be dismay'd,
But fly to great *Bacchus* in heaven;
And chide him, because
He made no better laws,
Since he that made six made seven.
And chide him, &c.





Honest HARRY, and Little MARY.

M*y* name is honest *Harry*,
And I love little *Mary*;
In spite of *Ciss*, or jealous *Bess*,
I'll have my own vagary.

My love is blithe and buxom,
And sweet and fine as can be,
Fresh and gay, as the flowers in *May*,
And looks like *Jack a Dandy*.

And if she will not have me,
That am so true a lover,
I'll drink my wine, and ne'er repine,
And down the stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love,
I'll be as kind as may be;
I'll give her rings, and pretty things,
And deck her like a lady.

Her petticoat of sattin,
Her gown of crimson tabby,
Lac'd up before, and spangled o'er,
Just like a *Bartholomew-baby*.

Her

Her waistcoat shall be scarlet,
 With ribbands ty'd together;
 Her stockings of a cloudy hue,
 And her shoes of *Spanish* leather.

Her smock of finest holland,
 And lac'd in every quarter,
 Side and wide, and long enough
 To hang below her garter.

Then to the church I'll have her,
 Where we will wed together,
 And so come home when we have done;
 In spite of wind and weather.

The fiddlers shall attend us,
 And first play, *John, come kiss me*;
 And when that we have danc'd a round,
 Then strike up, *hit or miss me*.

Then hey for little *Mary*,
 'Tis she I love alone, fir;
 Let any man do what he can,
 I will have her, or none, fir.





The D R E A M.

W H E N night had set the world to rest,
And mortal cares appeas'd,
Straight was my longing thoughtful breast.
With *Celia's* image seiz'd.

Sad she appear'd, yet smiling too,
Willing, and yet afraid;
She blush'd, and knew not what to do;
But thus, at last, she said :

- ' Cease, *Strephon*, cease; it must not be;
- ' In vain you weep and sigh;
- ' Talk not of love, or flames to me,
- ' For I must still deny.
- ' Do but this wither'd rose-bud see,
- ' How dead it does appear?
- ' Before 'twas gather'd from the tree,
- ' You thought it fresh and fair.
- ' False men with study'd treach'rous arts,
- ' Fond innocence betray;
- ' They talk of charms, and flames, and darts,
- ' But mean not what they say.

' Yet, ah! cou'd *Strephon* faithful prove,
 ' And constant to his charms!'
 No more, said I, no more, my love,
 And clasp'd her in my arms.

PASTORELLA ; or, the Dawning Beauty.

THERE lives a lass upon the green,
 Cou'd I her picture draw,
 A brighter nymph was never seen,
 She looks and reigns a little queen,
 And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are *Cupid's* darts and wings,
 Her eye-brows are his bow,
 Her filken hair the silver strings,
 Which swift and sure destruction brings
 To all the vail below.

If *Pastorella's* dawn of light
 Can warm and wound us so,
 Her noon must be so piercing bright,
 Each glancing beam wou'd kill outright,
 And every swain subdued.





P R E T T Y P O L L .

P R E T T Y parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the day,

What at home was doing?

With chat and play

We are gay,

Night and day,

Good cheer and mirth renewing;

Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,

And like a saucy lover wou'd

Court and teize my lady?

A thing you know,

Made for shew,

Call'd a beau,

Near her was always ready,

Ever at her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Tell me with what air, he approach'd the fair,

And how she cou'd with patience bear

All he did and utter'd?

He still address'd,

Still caress'd,

Kiss'd and press'd;

Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd;

Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Did he go away, at the close of day,
Or did he ever use to stay

In a corner dodging?

The want of light

When 'twas night,

Spoil'd my sight;

But I believe his lodging

Was within her call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

CLOE advis'd to change her Bedfellow.

You shun me, *Cloe*, as a fawn
To seek her dam, affrighted, flies

Thro' every mountain, wood, and lawn,

And trembles at each rustling breeze,

Her breath alternate comes and goes,

If but a lizard stirs the leaves;

And if the zephyrs fan the boughs,

She starts and quivers, pants and heaves.

I follow not as lions chase

Their fleeting prey along the plains:

Then leave your mother's cold embrace,

Since you are grown mature for man's.





L I B E R I A.

L IBERIA'S all my thought and dream,
She's all my pleasure, and my pain;
Liberia's all that I esteem,
And all I fear is her disdain.

Her wit, her humour, and her face,
Please beyond all I felt before;
Oh! why can't I admire her less,
Or dear *Liberia* love me more.

Like stars, all other female charms
Ne'er touch my heart, but feast mine eye;
For she's the only sun that warms;
With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal powers, whose work divine
Inspires my soul with so much love;
Grant your *Liberia* may be mine;
And then I share your joys above.





INDIFFERENCE Recommended.

Wou'd you, *Strephon*, truly taste
 Every joy in woman plac'd;
 Seldom see the fair deluder;
 Rather shun than prove intruder;
 With what we often see we soon are cloy'd,
 And prize the blessing most that's least enjoy'd.

Phantom beauties we discover,
 Beck'ning to the distant lover,
 Whilst in view the spright retires,
 'Tis follow'd with unwearied fires;
 But on th' approach of reason's glaring light,
 It straightway disappears, and vanishes to night,

The ANSWER.

HEAVY reasoner, talk no more,
 Give me *Celia* o'er and o'er,
 Give me raptures, give me pleasure,
 Beyond reason, without measure;
 My youthful ardour shall be fed with gay desire,
 And every circling year add fuel to the fire.

The sleepy image of thy brain
 Shall only o'er its dreamer reign;
 The impious apprehend no joys above,
 Nor canst thou justly think of love:
 Besides themselves the gods alone can know
 The joys that from consenting lovers flow.

Sung



*Sung by Mr. LEVERIDGE, in the Character
of CHARON, in an Entertainment call'd
The NECROMANCER.*

GHOSTS of every occupation,
Every rank and every nation,
Some with crimes all foul and spotted,
Some to happy fates allotted,
Pursue the *Strygian* lake to pass.

Here a soldier roars like thunder,
Prates of wenches, wine and plunder;
Statesmen here the times accusing;
Poets sense for rhymes abusing;
Lawyers chatt'ring,
Courtiers flatt'ring,
Bullies ranting,
Zealots canting;
Knaves and fools of every class!





SCOTCH Courtship.

HEARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young muirland *Willie* came to woo;

Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do,

The truth I tell to you.

But ay, he cries, what-e'er betide,

Maggy, I'll ha'e her to be my bride.

With a fal dal, &c.

On his grey yad as he did ride;

With durk and pistol by his side;

He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,

Wi' mickle mirth and glee,

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,

Till he came to her dady's door.

With a fal dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,

I'm come your doghter's love to win;

I care no for making mickle din.

What answer gi' ye me?

Now wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down;

I'll gi'e ye my doghter's love to win.

With a fal dal, &c.

Now

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won, or in what town;
I think my doghter winna gloom,
On fiken a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd up the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse:
With a fal dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
Twa good gan yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
I scorn to make a lie.
Besides I had frae the great laird
A peat pat and a lang-kail yard.
With a fal dal, &c.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town,
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gripit her hard about the waist.
With a fal dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear,
And for my sel ye need na fear,
Troth try me when ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pry'd her mou'.
With a fal dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law ;
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dady she left it a',

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this.

With a fal dal, &c.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your sel she has left it a',
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;

Say what will ye gi' me wi' her?

Now wooer, quo' he, I ha'e no mickle;
 But sik's I ha'e, ye's get a pickle,

With a fal dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three souns of sheep, twa good milk ky;
 Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free!

Troth I dow do no mair,

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't;
 I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't.

With a fal dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,

Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands;
 Mefs John ty'd up the marriage bands,

With a fal dal, &c.

And

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blue,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,

And blinked bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our lads' een.

With a fal dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,

Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,

The minstrels they did never blin,

Wi' mickle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,

And ay their wames together met.

With a fal dal, &c.

DIALOGUE.

Man. **A**n! lovely nymph, the world's on fire:

Veil, veil those cruel eyes.

Wom. The world may then in flames expire,

And boast that so it dies.

Man. But, when all mortals are destroy'd,

Who then shall sing your praise?

Wom. Those who are fit to be employ'd;

The gods shall altars raise.



Sung by Shepherds and Nymphs.

Shep. **W**ELCOME to these lovely plains;
The happy seats of blissful swains.

Nym. Welcome to these blissful shades.
The soft retreat of happy maids.

Shep. Here we feel no want, nor care,
And no inclemency of air;
And lovers never here despair.
Sorrow ever from us flies,
Pleasure revels in our eyes.

If we pass an hour in courting,
'Tis for more delicious sporting;
Never cruel nymph denies.

Nym. If any thing like sorrow's seen,
In our voice, or in our mien,

'Tis not grief that gives the anguish,
'Tis with pleasure that we languish;
And if ever nymph denies,

'Tis like one in love who's wise;
'Tis like one who would invite
To more delicate delight,

'Tis with wishing, dying eyes.

Chorus.

Chorus. All about us and above,
Gaiety and love inspires;
All about us and above
Infuses tenderness and love,
And wanton gay desires.

Shep. The jolly breeze,
That comes whistling thro' the trees,
From all the blissful region brings
Perfumes upon its spicy wings,
With its wanton motion curling
The crystal rills,
Which down the hills
Run o'er the golden gravel purling.

Nym. All around venereal turtles
Cooing, billing, on the myrtles;
The more they shew their am'rous trouble,
More fiercely dart their piercing kisses,
And more eagerly redouble
The raptures of their murmuring blisses.



*Done, and Undone.*

Oh fie! what mean I, foolish maid,
 In this remote and silent shade,
 To meet with you alone?
 My heart does with the place combine,
 And both are more your friends than mine:
 Oh! I shall be undone!

A savage beast I wou'd not fear;
 Or, shou'd I meet with villains here,
 I to some cave wou'd run:
 But, such enchanting arts you shew,
 I cannot strive, I cannot go:
 Oh! I shall be undone!

Ah! give those sweet temptations o'er,
 I'll touch those dang'rous lips no more —
 What, must we yet fool on?
 Ah! now I yield: ah! now I fall:
 And now I have no breath at all:
 And now I'm quite undone!

I'll see no more your tempting face,
 Nor meet you in this dang'rous place;
 My fame's for ever gone.
 But fame, to speak the truth, is vain,
 And every yielding maid does gain,
 By being so undone.

In such a pleasing storm of bliss,
To such a bank of paradise,
Who wou'd not swiftly run?
If you but truth to me will swear,
I'll meet you 'gain, nor do I care
How oft I be undone.

ADMITTANCE.

Poor *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* door,
He sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore;
The sign was so:
She answer'd, No,
No, no, no:
Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd;
No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;
Consider, *Damon*, I'm a maid:
Consider,
No;
I'm a maid,
No, &c.

At last his sighs and tears made way;
She rose, and softly turn'd the key:
Come in, said she, but do not stay;
I may conclude
You will be rude——
But, if you will, you may.

*The TRIFLE.*

A TRIFLING song you shall hear,
 Begun with a trifle, and ended:
 All trifling people, draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
 That lately have come into play,
 The men wou'd want something to do,
 And the women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
 Because the ladies, they know,
 Admire, by often possessing,
 That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
 The trifle of trifles to gain;
 No sooner the virgin is rifled,
 But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal man wou'd be able
 At *White's* half an hour to sit?
 Or, who cou'd bear a tea-table,
 Without talking trifles for wit?

The

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles, we see;
White rods are no trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place
Where trifles abundantly breed,
The levee will shew you, his grace
Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of champaign, people think it
A trifle, or something as bad;
But if ye'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle, egad.

A parson's a trifle at sea;
A widow's a trifle in sorrow;
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to-morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or, to hide it, the red may endeavour;
But, if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say ;
 The reason pray carry along,
 Because at every new play,
 The house they with trifles so throng.

But, every one's malice to stifle;
 And set us all on a foot,
 The author of this is a trifle;
 And his song is a trifle to boot.

The LOVERS Parting

She. **H**ARK! the trumpet sounds to arms;
 O fatal noise!

Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms;

Adieu my joys!

Fears on all sides round me move,

For thy life, and for thy love.

Mid'st alarming,

Difmal arming,

God preserve the man I love.

He. Cease thy plaints, and dry thy tears,

My charming maid !

Cease thy plaints, and dry thy tears,

Nor fate upbraid.

Heav'n, that makes mankind its care,

Guards the brave, to serve the fair.

Fate may of my life dispose,

But shall never change my vows.

INCON-



INCONSTANCY *excused.*

I MUST confess, I am untrue
To *Gloriana's* eyes;
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire;
But, when the sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for lighting now
What I did once adore;
O do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more.

Fix'd by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till, languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.



*The Prudent Lover.*

NOT an angel dwells above,
 Half so fair as her I love;
 Heav'n knows how she'll receive me:
 If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;
 If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
 Heav'n knows she ne'er can grieve me.

None can love her more than I;
 Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
 If my flame can never warm her,
 Lasting beauty I'll adore,
 I shall never love her more,
 Cruelty will so deform her.

Women gain'd by Surprise.

FALSE and mean's the accusation,
 With which men the fair asperse;
 Fools, they say, 's their darling passion,
 Women are to sense averse.

Jove, adorn'd in all his glory,
 Coy *Antiope* cou'd never move:
 A satyr's shape, in the same story,
 Made the god successful prove.

But it was as towns are conquer'd,
That too much their foe despise;
Secure, in scorn, they sleep unguarded,
So are taken by surprize.

Kindness to a common Woman excused.

You laugh to see me fond appear
Of one not worth the part;
A wretch by nature insincere,
And amorous by art.
Wrong not a well-meant honest flame,
To *Lais* undesign'd;
'Tis to her sex, not her, I am
So ardent and so kind.

Where now's the mighty difference shown
In what we different do;
One feigns to all alike, and one
To all alike is true?
As both have hundreds done before,
Each other we carefs;
Impartial, she no man loves more,
And I no woman less.



VIRTUE the Chief Good.

WHAT is beauty, what is youth,
Without honour, faith, or truth?
What is glory, what is blood,
Without shame, or being good?

Joys ensnaring, madness antick;
Pride bewitching, greatness frantick:
'Tis virtue only can suffice
To make fond love both chaste and wife.

Chorus. *Hark, hark, how they die,*
Forgotten never;

Whose names, like pyramids rais'd to the sky,
Are constant ever.

Shall a mistress fair require
Service, humbled with desire?
Shall a look, a toy, a smile,
Chain a heart, or faith beguile?

No, oh no, she will be ranging,
Who is in her favours changing:
Would love's bright sphere in glory move!
'Tis there where virtue shines with love.

Chorus.

Chorus. Come, come, come, you who are
Opprest by duty;
Learn to distinguish from a falling star,
A true fix'd beauty.

Eyes of Fire, Breast of Ice.

FLY, fly, ye happy shepherds, fly;

Avoid *Philira's* charms;

The rigours of her heart deny

The heav'n that's in her arms.

Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire;

Nor, yielding, to be blest :

Nature, who form'd her eyes of fire,

Of ice compos'd her breast.

Yet, lovely maid, this once believe

A slave, whose zeal you move :

The gods, alas! your youth deceive,

Their heav'n consists in love.

In spite of all the thanks you owe,

You may reproach 'em this,

That where they did their form bestow,

They have deny'd their bliss.



The Kind RECEPTION.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with scars?
 Those are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars:
 Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breast,
 Thy arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each bough,
 A thousand *Cupids* play;
 Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
 Each object makes me gay:
 Since your return the sun and moon
 With brighter beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the court, and din of state;
 Let that to their share fall,
 Who can esteem such slavery great,
 While bounded like a ball;
 But, sunk in love, upon my arms
 Let your brave head recline;
 We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,

You may pursue the chace,

And, after a blythe bottle, end

All cares in my embrace:

And, in a vacant rainy day,

You shall be wholly mine;

We'll make the hours run smooth away,

And laugh at lang syne.

The hero pleas'd with the sweet air,

And signs, of gen'rous love,

Which had been utter'd by the fair,

Bow'd to the pow'rs above:

Next day, with consent and glad haste;

They knelt before the shrine,

Where the good priest the couple blest,

And put them out of peine.





*From W. TUNSTALL in the Marshalsea,
to C. WOGAN in Newgate.*

Tune, To all ye ladies.

FROM me, dear *Charles*, inspir'd with ale,
To thee this letter comes,
To try if scribbling can prevail
To moderate our dooms:
Tho' pent in cage the blackbird swings,
Yet still he hops, and struts, and sings.
With a fal dal, &c.

Perhaps you'll wonder why I chose,
At this unlucky time,
To quit the loose and easy prose,
To tie my thoughts in rhyme:
For why, you'll say, since we're confin'd,
Shou'd we lay shackles on the mind?

But since, tho' bound on *Barnet-tits*,
So lately we astride,
Thro' hired shouts of wide-mouth'd cits,
Without a rein cou'd ride;
Sure *Pegasus*, without a bit,
To pinion'd poets may submit.

But,

But, if the winged steed shou'd rear,
And start into a freak,
We'll send for jolly grenadier
To lead him by the cheek.
Then we with corded arms may ride,
And fit, and think, and thump his side.

For *Pegasus*, whilst he cou'd soar,
No poets ever made;
He flew *Boetia* o'er and o'er,
Until he turn'd a jade;
His tired hoof then spurn'd the rock,
And *Helicon* pursu'd the stroke.

So, when from *Highbate-Hill* I came
In triumph thro' the town,
And jaded palfrey, dull, and lame,
At *Marshals'* set me down;
Without the wings, he had the heel;
Thence, ale and beer, and beer and ale!

Thus strutting, full of heavy grout,
With belch and flegm replete,
I send my muse to find thee out
At *Newgate*, or the *Fleet*;
Such eruptions sure demand
Some speedy comfort from thy hand.

For now, dear *Charles*, (my freedom gone)

This prison seems my wife;

I no man see to aid my moan,

Hear nought but noise and strife:

For (after all that can be said)

A gaol's a kind of being wed.

Now I this tale, to thee, have told,

(Sure nought's a greater curse)

That I this gaol must have and hold

For better and for worse;

Judge then how bravely I shall quit

The marriage noose for *Tyburn* titt.

Nay, if old *Mopsa*, who has lost

Her love, in battle slain,

Shou'd beg me from the three-leg'd post,

To fix me to her twain.

So long suspended I shou'd stand,

The cart wou'd drive—and I be hang'd.





*The Preston Prisoners to the Ladies about
Court and Town.*

By Way of Comfort, from C. WOGAN to W. TUNSTALL.

You fair ones all at liberty,
We captive lovers greet;
Nor flight our tears and sighs, 'cause we
Can't lay 'em at your feet:
The fault's not ours, and you may guess,
We can desire no greater bliss.

What, tho' pack'd up in prisons base,
With bolts and bars restrain'd,
Think not our bodies love you less,
Or souls are more confin'd:
Each was, to't's utmost power, your slave,
Nor freedom took, but what you gave.

Thus doubly captive, in this cause
Your prior title pleads;
The gaol's high-treason 'gainst your laws,
And property invades:
Wherefore, since prisons are our due,
'Tis just we be lock'd up by you.

From

From hence to those most blissful bowers,
 Lest we shou'd miss our way,
 Those beauties that display'd their powers
 The last triumphant day,
 As most expert in *Cupid's* wars,
 Shall guide us on like grenadiers.

Thus we'll to th' innocent and fair,
 That shun indecent fights,
 From purchas'd shouts, and noisom air,
 To whispers and delights:
 Then all our pains shall pleasures prove,
 And pinion'd arms be wings of love.

But, if our stubborn keepers still
 Shou'd chain us to our dens,
 In disobedience to your will,
 And sov'reign influence;
 Spite of their shackles, bolts, and doors,
 Our hearts are free, and they are yours.

Mean while, within these walls immur'd,
 Think not our spirits lost;
 The vilest ale our gaols afford
 Is nectar, with a toast;
 And if some wine creep in by stealth,
 It has its relish from your health.

Our

Our tedious nights and loathsome days,

With your remembrance bless'd,

At length may some compassion raise

Within your tender breasts:

No matter what our juries find,

We're happy still, if you prove kind.

Nay, shou'd we victims be design'd

By those that rule the state;

Shou'd mercy no admittance find,

To hearts that shou'd be great;

What dread can gaols or gibbets shew

To men who've died so oft for you?

If fate must fix th' unworthy doom,

We'll leave you fresh supplies,

And from our ashes, in our room,

Some phoenixes shall rise,

Whose vows will more successful prove,

In happier days to win your love.



From



From W. TUNSTALL to C. WOGAN.

WHILST impotent, tho' fill'd with rage,
 I grumbling gnaw my chains;
 Thy happy muse, and youthful age,
 Can sport amidst thy pains:
 Around, round, round, with ringing rhymes
 Thou turn'st thy wheel to thy own chimes.

Amidst the noise of chains and keys,
 Thou canst of *Cupid* sing;
 The warders their hoarse bawling cease;
 And drawers watch thy string.
 So storms to *Arion* lent their ears,
 And *Orpheus* play'd 'midst wolfs and bears.

But thy more pow'rful notes excel,
 What-e'er the poets say,
 When *Orpheus* travel'd down to hell
 To fiddle his wife away:
 He only freed one nymph from pains;
 Thou charm'st a thousand into chains.

Thy flame, amidst cold walls, survives;
 No moment's care neglects;
 And, ev'n when thou'rt dead, contrives
 To please the female sex:
 Thy unextinguish'd sparks shall burn,
 And nymphs possess thee in thy urn.

Yet,

Yet, trust me, *Charles*, when thou wast led

A captive thro' the street,

Those females only came t' invade,

And finish thy defeat:

Of all their conq'ring charms bereft,

Now glad to plunder what was left:

Despis'd by court and city beaus,

To see our shew they came,

Amongst a few defenceless fops,

To play an after-game;

From golden chains, and garter'd lords,

To find a slave amidst our cords.

Young *Flora* warmth creates in thee,

When beams around her play;

But she is coldest still to me,

When most serene and gay;

And thus the brightest skies beget

In winter cold, in summer heat.

Let *Bruma* her old opticks rub,

To shew her vain desire,

And, artful, like *Winstanley's* tub,

At once spout rain and fire:

I neither will submit my years

To *Flora's* smiles, nor *Bruma's* tears.

With hoary age all fenc'd around,

Secure intrench'd I lie,

And sixty years still staunch are found

'Gainst love's artillery;

218 *A Collection of Songs.*

And thus encamp'd, like northern hosts,
I safely rest in snows and frosts.

Thus jolly *Thames*, that us'd to bear,
Upon his curled breast,
The charming burthens of the fair,
Who seldom gave him rest;
Now indolent, and free from vice,
Sleeps, undisturb'd, in his own ice.

Then, since to *Mars* I'm captive made,
From *Cupid* I'll be free;
I will not, by my strugglings, add
To my captivity;
Nor groan beneath the triple ties
Of age, and chains, and womens eyes.

In *Mars's* wars who e'er is rang'd,
Some mercy may obtain,
To conquer, or to be exchange'd,
If in the battle ta'en;
But *Love's* a foe, so fierce, so fell!
The tyrant fights without cartel.





To Mr. TUNSTALL, and his Friends in the
Marshalsea.

To thee, dear *Tunstall*, tho' unknown,
An artless muse applies,

Who is, since thy misfortunes, grown

As useless as her eyes;

Whose tears upon these lines distil,

They drown my verse, and flag my quill.

How many lovers have I lost,

With thoughts of thy distress?

My colour's chang'd, my arms are cross'd,

Neglected is my dress;

A sable hood my visage shades,

Which us'd to sparkle in these glades.

No more my fingers touch the strings,

As they were wont to do;

My heart is sunk, and sadly sings,

As if a pris'ner too;

The play, the court, the park, the ring,

No aids afford, no comfort bring.

My lyre, upon the willow hung,

Will sound, alas! no more;

Dead to the livelier airs I sung

In happier days before;

Nor will it e'er renew its strain,

Whilst bound in shackles you remain.

But, 'midst the grief my soul sustains,
 It is a sweet allay,
 To see thy spirits, press'd with chains,
 So unconcern'd and gay:
 The god of wit to thee repairs,
 And sweetly chants to lull thy cares.

He makes the gloomy prison bright,
 And sings thee to repose;
 He sooths the horrors of the night,
 And softens all thy woes:
 The free, with envying eyes look on,
 And, thus to sing, wou'd be undone.

If a!e such notions can produce,
 Which is a muddy stream,
 What wou'd the brisk enliv'ning juice,
 And some diviner theme?
 Such strains from *Turnbull* then wou'd run,
 Which *Pope*, or *Addison*, might own.

Whate'er the poets may report,
 'Tis in the *Marshalsea*,
 The willing muses keep their court,
 In complaisance to thee:
 They quit *Parnassus* for thy cell;
 And, sure, I think, they've chosen well.

Their horse, without a bit or rein,
 Submits to thy command;
 Aloft he soars, then skims the plain,
 Obedient to thy hand:

Oh!

Oh! wou'd the steed my verse obey,
His wings wou'd *Tunstall* bear away.

Then incense shou'd his nostrils fill,
With clouds of grateful fume;
Thy numbers shou'd be his regale,
And *Clio* be his groom;
His manger shou'd of gold be made,
And all the floor with diamonds laid.

W. TUNSTALL to fair **CLIO**; who, the first
Time he had the Honour to see her, sung
a Ballad of her own composing, in Com-
pliment to one he had writ before.

Ah! *Clio*, had thy distant lays
Attrack'd my weakest side,
And thou hadst only writ to raise
An empty poet's pride;
With merry glee, then, all day long,
Thy wit and verse had been my song.
But, to the lines, which thou hadst writ,
It was a cruel choice,
To add new force, and grace thy wit
With beauty and with voice.
Wit only points, but lips and eye
Feather the darts, and make them fly.

Thou shoud'st thy dawning muse have sent,
 Fore-runner to thy sun,
 And not have spread the firmament,
 At once, with heat of noon;
 To banish darkness, it was kind;
 But cruel, thus, to strike me blind.

Thy arrows, from a random hand,
 Might chance to miss their aim;
 But when you take so near a stand,
 They cannot fail to maim:
 For what amazement must it bring,
 To see thee look, and hear thee sing!

When kindled skies their lightnings broach,
 At distance first they 'appear,
 To warn us of their fierce approach,
 And for the storm prepare;
 But flashes, unexpected, fright;
 They melt the soul, and pierce the sight.

But you, fair nymph, no time allow,
 You 'at once our fate proclaim,
 And whilst your beauty makes us glow,
 Your voice inspires the flame:
 But when the muse assumes her part,
 What engines can insure the heart?

The *Delphic* god, by female tongues,
 His oracles declar'd,
 Thro' horrid looks, from untun'd lungs,
 The fate of crowns was heard;

But

But the whole god in you does meet,
His youth, his musick, and his wit.

Had *Sappho* thus to *Phaon* writ,
She had escap'd the wave;

The youth had been, by force of wit,

Compell'd the nymph to save:

But *Sappho* met her destiny,

'Cause *Sappho* cou'd not write like thee.

Like thee, had *Echo* tun'd her voice,

Narcissus to invoke,

The self-lov'd youth, had fix'd his choice,

Nor doom'd her to a rock:

Thus both a better fate had found,

She had not pin'd, nor he been drown'd.

But, whate'er fate to me belongs,

This comfort I shall have,

To be recorded in thy songs,

And triumph in the grave:

Who falls a victim to thy eyes,

Is, by thy verses, sure to rise.

Thy fragrant lines salute the sky,

Like an *Arabian* nest,

And, like an aged phoenix, I

Embalm'd on spices rest;

Thus, whilst amidst thy flames I burn,

I rise immortal from the urn.



CLIO'S Answer.

ECHO her ravish'd ear inclines
 To thy transporting song;
 For thee, and for thy charming lines,
 She wishes to be young:

Narcissus shou'd not be her choice,
 She'd leave his beauty for thy voice.

Of all the muses she has known,

She votes to them the bays,

Whose pipe is sweeter than her own,

When she the sighs conveys

Of even tuneful *Waller's* heart,

And thrills them out with all her art:

Inrag'd, she snatches from my tongue

The half-repeated sound,

And greedily does it prolong

To all the valleys round;

Grown fonder now of *Tunstall's* name,

Than any other son of fame.

Ah! if a shadow jealous grows,

And envies me thy praise,

What feuds amongst my fairer foes

Will humble *Clio* raise?

They'll wonder where this *Clio* shines,

Made so immortal by thy lines.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd to find the sun-burnt maid,
Thy praises render vain,
Stretch'd undetneath a lonely shade,
So unpolite and plain;
They'll see thy fine ideas rise
From thy own wit, not *Clio's* eyes.

What sprightly fancy does appear
In every beauteous thought,
The lover and the poet here
So gracefully are brought;
How dull is she, that does not chuse
A lover, with so soft a muse!

'Tis by satirick poets told,
The mercenary heart,
Unless they dip the point in gold,
Repells the baffled dart;
But he, who will succeed with mine,
Must woe with verse, instead of coin.

Had *Phœbus* charm'd his flying fair,
Oh, *Timball!* with thy art,
Her soul had soften'd at his prayer,
If made like *Clio's* heart;
Were I transform'd into a tree,
My list'ning boughs wou'd dance to thee.

If *Ovid* thus had tun'd his lyre,
His *Cæsar* had been kind;
Thine will a gentler fate inspire,
If *Cæsar's* of my mind.

If *Ovid* cou'd have sung like thee,
A song had bought his liberty.

Repos'd upon the muse's breast

The happy *Tunstall* lies :

Thus *Philomela* builds her nest

Remote from vulgar eyes,

Till she reveals, by her sweet voice,

The fav'rite bough she makes her choice.

Beyond the reach of pow'r, or chance,

Thy numbers will survive;

Thy chains, thence, merit will advance,

And keep thy fame alive :

At worst, but half of thee can fall;

Thy verse can never die at all.

Ah, *Tunstall* ! if the heavenly choir

Does thy assistance want,

To raise th' angelick chorus higher,

And thou are made a saint,

Thy wit a legacy bestow,

That I may sing thy name below.

Thy noble gift shall be repay'd

With interest, at thy tomb;

My flowing tears and verse I'll shed,

To keep thy bays in bloom;

Thy muse a loadstone then may be,

And raise my flagging soul to thee.

BESSY



BESSY BELL, and MARY GRAY.

O *Bessy Bell*, and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny lassies,
The bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn-brac,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.

Fair *Bessy Bell* I lov'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* hair's like a lint-tap,
She smiles like a *May-morning*,
When *Phaebus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, fast is her hand.
Her waist and feet's fow geny,
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* locks are like the crow,
Her eye like diamonds glances;
She's ay so clean, redd-up, and braw,
She kills whane'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
Oh *Jove!* she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear

Dear *Bessy Bell*, and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco fair oppress us;
 Our fancy's jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses:
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

The WARNING.

FOR a lovely bright nymph, that's cruel as fair,
 I sigh and I pine, and I die with despair:
 She rejects my fond love, flies, and leaves me behind;
 She's as bright as the day—but as false as the wind.

Ye shepherds, take heed, and shun the false maid,
 Take warning by me; or like me be betray'd;
 Ye swains, O beware, and far from her fly;
 For if you but see her, like me you must die.





The REVENGE.

MUST then a faithful lover go,
Scorn'd and banish'd like a foe?
Oh, let me rave, despair, despair,
Curse my fate, yet bless the fair;
But, oh! in spite of her disdain,
I still must love, and hug my chain:
Yet why shou'd love my heart molest,
When hate her breast possesses?
Revenge or scorn shou'd rule my breast,
When such a swain she blesses.

Then I'll no more to coyness sue;
Faith and constant love, adieu;
Farewel dotage, fond disease;
Welcome freedom, welcome ease:
I'll rove and I'll range,
I'll love and I'll change,
Every hour, and every place,
Every fair, and every face;
I'd vow and protest,
I'll swear and deceive
All, all, all who, like me, are so mad to believe.



The Delusive DREAM.

BENEATH a shady willow,
 Hard by a purling stream,
 A mossy bank my pillow,
 I fancy'd in a dream,
 That I the charming *Phyllis*
 Did eagerly embrace;
 Her breast as white as lillies,
 And *Rosamonda's* face.

What ecstasies of pleasure
 She gave, to tell's in vain,
 When with the hidden treasure
 She blest her am'rous swain:
 Cou'd nought our joys discover,
 And I my dream believe,
 I so cou'd sleep for ever,
 And still be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded,
 And found all but a dream,
 I fain wou'd have eluded
 The melancholy theme.
 Ye gods, there's no enduring
 So exquisite a pain;
 The wound is past all curing,
 That *Cupid* gave the swain.



*The LOVER's Petition in his Absence from
his MISTRESS.*

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear *Delia* take a care;
And represent her lover,
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth;
Till I return, her passions sooth,
For me, in whispers move her.

Be careful, no base fordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her:
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition;
Let little minds great charms espy
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasures, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But,

But, cast into a mould divine,
 Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure:
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of musick pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

The REQUEST.

BELINDA, ever-beauteous fair,
 Pity your constant swain;
 Ah! kindly listen to his prayer,
 And shew no more disdain.

See! how his looks declare his mind;
 His bosom how it moves!
 View well his eyes, and there you'll find
 How much, how deep, he loves.

Then, gentle fair, no more be coy,
 Nor give me more alarms;
 But give a loose to love and joy,
 And take me to thy arms.

Advice



Advice to CLOE.

CLOE, why so long denying?
Why so long your lover flying?
Think in time, and ease my pain,
Ere, you kill me with disdain.

View yonder blooming blushing rose,
How it does all thy charms disclose:
But see! how soon 'tis wither'd grown,
And all at once its beauties flown.

How fragrant it appear'd before;
But now, alas! its charms are o'er:
Fair maid, let this a warning prove,
And, while 'tis time, reward my love.

Take heed, fair blossom, and beware,
Ere fleeting time your charms impair:
For all the beauties of thy face,
Tho' now so gay, in time, will pass:

The darts within your radiant eyes,
That now can make each heart a prize,
Too soon, alas! will fruitless prove,
And have no force to kindle love.

*The Cruel FAIR.*

YOUNG *Philoret* and *Celia* met

In an old shady grove;

The nymph was coy,

The am'rous boy

Still sigh'd, and talk of love:

He prais'd her face, her air, her grace,

Her lovely charming mien;

And swore she was the brightest lass,

That tript it on the green.

With artful tongue,

The shepherd sung,

And told a melting tale;

But all his art

To touch her heart,

Proov'd vain, nor cou'd prevail,

Th' insulting air,

With scornful air,

Still mock'd the love-sick swain;

And while he sigh'd,

She still reply'd,

I've pleasure in your pain.



The DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
Young *Focky* won my heart;
A blyther loon you ne'er did see,

All beauty without art:
His soothing tale did soon prevail
To gain my fond belief;
But now the swain roves o'er the plain,
And leaves me full of grief.

Young *Femmy* courts with artful song,
But few regard his moan;
The lasses about *Focky* throng,
And *Femmy's* left alone:

In *Aberdeen*, sure ne'er was seen
A loon that gave such pain;
He daily wooes, and still pursues,
Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he hath gain'd the bliss,
Away the loon does run,
And hardly will afford a kiss
To silly me, undone:

Bonny *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,
Avoid my roving swain;
His wily tongue besure you shun,
Lest you, like me, complain.



The Folly of Jealousy. A Dialogue.

He. **W**HAT so coy and so strange?
Does your kindness decline?
Your love find a change;
Or do you doubt mine?

She. When inconstant men grow,
We can quickly discern;
And our sex, you well know,
Are apt scholars to learn.
I watch'd how your eyes on *Phyllis* were glancing,
Crown'd with a garland of roses for dancing:
When the pedlar came, you gave her a lace,
And a fine guady string for her needle-case.

He. You remember, it may be,
When you was *May-lady*,
The nimble *Thyrsis* so caper'd and chanted,
You gave him a ribband so long that it flaunted,
And wav'd in the air; when the brisk youth then try'd
For a kiss, you simper'd, and faintly deny'd:
And blushing you only cry'd, Fie, forbear,
You're such another; nay, pish, I swear
There was ne'er in the world such rudeness as this:
Yet gently contriv'd he shou'd ravish a kiss.

She. Now prythee let's leave this impertinent struggle;

He. For men will be false,

She. And women will juggl

Both.

Both. Then let us be easy by freedom hereafter,
For jealousy never yet mended the matter.

He. What's past we'll forget ;

She. What's to come ne'er inquire,

Both. But take surest advice of present desire.

LOVE for LOVE.

LOVE for love is a charming trade,
Love only can by love be paid ;
Whoe'er by interest gains the fair,
Must think her favours unsincere :
But who in serving perseveres,
And late prevails, by pray'rs and tears,
His joys beyond his wishes move,
He only knows the bliss of love.

Love for love is a sacred tie,
Preserves on earth society ;
'Tis harmony of love for love,
To which the dancing planets move :
And if we may presume to guess,
What angels in their songs express,
Howe'er the musick is above,
The chorus still is, love for love



HONOUR a TOY.

A Dialogue between JOCKY and JENNY.

QUOTH *Jocky* to *Fenny*, Wu'll love me?

 Ife resolve to try thee;

Silly scruples remove,

 And never, never deny me:

By that bonny black eye,

 I swear none other shall move me;

But, if you still deny,

 You never, never did love me.

She. *Jocky*, how can you mistake,

 Who know full well, when you woove me,

How my poor heart doth ake,

 And throb as tho' 'twou'd come through me:

How can you be my friend,

 When thus you are bent on my ruin,

And all the love you pretend,

 Is only to my undoing:

But if you'll wed, and bed,

 And guard my honour from harms too,

Jocky I'll be thy bride,

 And hug him close in my arms too.

He. Who can tell by what art

 This chiming nothing, call'd honour,

Harden's my *Fenny*'s soft heart,

 When love and *Jocky* have won her;

It is the toy of the age,
And muckle to do there's about it.

She. Yet I had rather be dead,
Than live in scandal without it.

Both. Then since ill fortune attends,
Our remedy can be no dearer;
Come let's kiſs, and be friends;
And ſigh we can be no nearer.

The Wanderer turn'd faithful.

DEAR *Dorinda*, weep no more,
No more my charming creature, grieve;
My wanderings I will now give o'er,
And in the peaceful ſhades will live.
With thee, my joy, will live and love,
Conſtant as nature to its courſe;
As conſtant as the turtle-dove,
Whoſe love death only can divorce.

Thy ſighs no more can *Sylvia* hear,
Thy pretty innocence has won
Me, all my paſſion to declare,
Which can be due to you alone.
Joy of my mind, then let us haſte
And join our hands as hearts are join'd,
No flying moments let us waſte,
In which we greater joys may find.



JENNY'S prudent Resolution.

'T WAS within a furlong of *Edinburgh* town,
 In the rosie time of year, when the grass was
 Bonny *Focky*, blith and gay, (down,
 Said to *Jenny*, making hay,
 Let us sit a little, dear, and prattle,
 'Tis a sultry day.

He long had courted the black-brown maid;
 But *Focky* was a wag, and wou'd ne'er consent to wed:
 Which made her pish and phoo,
 And cry, It ne'er shall do;

I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

He told her marriage was grown a mere joke,
 And that none wedded now but the scoundrel folk:

Yet, my dear, thou shou'dst prevail,

But, I know not what I ail;

I shall dream of clogs, and silly dogs

With bottles at their tail.

But I'll give thee gloves, and a bongrace to wear,
 And a pretty filly foal, to ride out and take the air,

If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo,

And cry, It ne'er shall do,

I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

That you'll give me trinkets, cry'd she, I believe;

But ah! what in return must your poor *Jenny* give?

When my maiden treasure's gone,

I must gang to *London* town,

And

And roar and rant, and patch and paint;
And kiss for half a crown;
Each drunken bully oblige for pay,
And earn an hated living an odious fulsome way;
No, no, it ne'er shall do;
For a wife I'll be to you, (too.
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle

Actions beyond Words.

'Tis not your saying that you love,
Can ease me of my smart;
Your actions must your words approve,
Or else you break my heart.

In vain you bid my passion cease,
And ease my troubled breast;
Your love alone must give me peace,
Restore my wonted rest.

But, if I fail your heart to move,
Or 'tis not yours to give;
I cannot, wonnot cease to love;
But, I will cease to live.



*A Mad Song.**(Sullenly Mad.)*

FROM roſie bow'rs, where ſleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly;
 Teach me, in ſoft melodious ſtrains to move,
 With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:
 Ah! let the ſoul of muſick tune my voice,
 To win dear *Strephon*, who my ſoul enjoys.

(Mirthfully Mad.)

Or if more influencing
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a ſtep and a bound,
 And a friſk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy.
 As once on *Ida* dancing
 Were three celeftial bodies,
 With an air and a face,
 And a ſhape and a grace,
 I'll charm like beauty's goddeſs.

(Melancholy Mad.)

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and deſpair muſt end the fatal pain;
 Cold, cold deſpair, diſguiſ'd like ſnow and rain,
 Falls on my breaſt; bleak winds in tempeſts blow,
 My veins all ſhiver, and my fingers glow,
 My pulse beats a dead march for loſt repoſe,
 And to a ſolid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

(Faint)

(Fantastically Mad.)

Or say, ye pow'rs, my peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myself, or drown.

Among the foaming billows,
Increasing all with tears I shed
On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows,
Lay down my love-sick head?

(Stark Mad.)

No, no, no, no, I'll strait run mad,
That soon my heart will warm;
When once the sense is fled,

Love has no pow'r to charm:
Wild thro' the woods I'll fly;
Robes, locks, shall thus be tore;
A thousand deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain adore.

Amends for Lost Time.

SINCE, *Celia*, 'tis not in our power
To tell how long our lives may last,
Begin to love this very hour;
You've lost too much in what is past;

For since the pow'r we all obey,
Has in your breast my heart confin'd,
Let me my body to it lay;
In vain you'd part what nature join'd.



The Desperado Mad with Love.

LET thunder roar, and crooked lightning tear,
And all the demons urge my rash despair;
My rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do:
Or, let the frozen north its rancour show,
Within my breast far greater tempests blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?

Yes, yes, *Lucinda's* eyes:

There, there, *Ætna* there,

There *Vesuvio* lies,

To furnish hell with flames,

That mounting reach the skies.

Ye pow'rs, I did but use her name,

And see how all the meteors flame!

Blue lightning flashes from the court of *Sol*,

And now the globe more fiercely burns

Than once at *Phaeton's* fall.

Ah! where are now those flow'ry groves,

Where *Zephyrs* fragrant wings did play,

Where guarded by a troop of *loves*,

The fair *Lucinda* sleeping lay;

There sung the nightingale and lark,

Around us all was sweet and gay,

We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,

Nor nothing fear'd but shortning day.

I glow,

I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate;
Why must I burn for this ingrate?
Cool it, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

When a woman love pretends,
'Tis but till she gains her ends;
And for better and for worse,
Is for marrow of the purse;
Where she jilts you o'er and o'er,
Proves a flattern, or a whore!
This hour will teaze, will teaze and vex,
And will cuckold you the next,
They seem all contriv'd in spite,
To torment us, not delight,
But to scold, to scratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right,
But all are witches by this light;
And so I fairly bid 'em, and the world, good night.



MANHOOD *no* CRIME.

ERE use of words I knew,
 By my eyes to speak I strove;
 Fondly ever fix'd on you,
 They so early said, *I love.*

I from nurse and mother fled;
 And to dear *Vinella* ran;
 One house held us, and one bed,
Pugh, you cry, *you're now a man.*

Is to be a man, a crime?
 You'd be of another mind,
 If you weigh'd the worth of time,
 And how long you've to be kind.

Once you wish'd the years wou'd fly,
 And bring on the teens apace:
 I too wish'd, but knew not why,
 Till I learnt it in your face.

That you lov'd me you confess'd,
 When we us'd to kiss and toy;
 If you will not grant the rest,
 Oh that I were still a boy!



The Answer.

WELL, *Erminio*! I, to please ye,
On your childhood own I smil'd;
You were forward, I was easy,
You a baby, I a child.

As a play-thing I might use you;
But you mayn't be plaid with now:
Yet, methinks, if I refuse you,
'Tis I know not why, nor how.

What has chang'd you? be a boy still;
I'll to time his teens restore,
That our play we may enjoy still
Guileless, and ne'er think of more.

The Lunatick Lover.

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wain:
Come, ye night-hags, with your charms,
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain;

I'll go, and I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again;
But if she prove peevish and proud,
A pize on her love, let her go;
I'll seek me a winding shroud,
And down to the shades below.

A lunacy I endure,
Since reason departs away;
I call to those hags for cure,
As knowing not what I say;
The beauty whom I adore,
Now flights me with scorn and disdain,
I never shall see her more:
Ah! how shall I bear my pain.

I ramble and range about,
To find out my charming saint,
While she at my grief does flout,
And smiles at my loud complaint:
Distraction I see is my doom,
Of this I am too too sure;
A rival is got in my room,
While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
While wandering in despair,
I am to the desarts led,
Expecting to find her there:
Methinks, in a spangled cloud,
I see her enthron'd on high,

Then

Then to her I cry aloud,
And labour to reach the sky.

When thus I have rav'd a while,
And wearied myself in vain,
I lie on the barren soil,
And bitterly do complain;
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy,
To cover me while I sleep.

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow spread;
Then this does my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie;
Ah! *Sylvia*, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover? I cry.

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay;
To th' *Elysian* shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.



BESS of Bedlam.

FROM silent shades, and the *Elysian* groves,
 Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves;
 From crystal streams, and from that country, where
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,
 Poor senseless *Bess*, cloath'd in her rags and folly,
 Is come to cure her love-sick melancholy.

Bright *Cynthia* kept her revels late,
 While *Mab*, the fairy queen, did dance;
 And *Oberon* did sit in state,
 When *Mars* at *Venus* ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
 Intomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
 Each day I'll water it with a tear,
 Its fading blossom to renew.

For since my love is dead,
 And all my joys are gone,
 Poor *Bess*, for his sake,
 A garland will make,
 My musick shall be a groan.

I'll lay me down and die,
Within some hollow tree;
The raven and cat,
The owl and bat,
Shall warble forth my elegy.

Did you not see my love
As he past by you,
His two flaming eyes,
If he comes nigh you,
They will scorch up your hearts;
Ladies, beware you,
Lest he should dart a glance
That may ensnare you.

Hark, hark, I hear old *Charon* bawl,
His boat he will no longer stay;
The furies lash their whips, and call,
Come, come away; come, come away.

Poor *Bess* will return
To the place whence she came,
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure;
For love's grown a bubble,
A shadow, a name,
Which fools do admire, and wise men endure,

Cold and hungry am I grown,
Ambrosia will I feed upon,
Drink nectar still, and sing;

Who is content,
Does all sorrow prevent;
And *Bess* in her straw,
Whilst free from the law,
In her thoughts is as great as a king.

CELIA'S Complaint.

REMEMBER, *Damon*, you did tell,
In chastity you lov'd me well;
But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan.

To doleful shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen,
In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
Such soft persuasive language hung,
That when his words had silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an angel spoke.

Too happy nymph, whoe'er shall be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For oh! I fear it to my cost,
She' has found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth,
A snake may hide, or take its birth;
So his false breast, conceal it did
His heart, the snake that there lay hid.

'Tis false, to say we happy are,
Since men delight our hearts to' insnare :
In man no woman can be blest ;
Their vows are wind, their love's a jest.

Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
Send me my *Damon*, or relief :
Return the wild delicious boy,
Whom once I thought my spring of joy.

But whilst I'm begging of this bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer this ;
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies ;
Who sees him, loves ; who loves him, dies.

There's not a bird that haunts this grove,
But is a witness of my love ;
Now all the bleaters on the plain
Seem sympathizers in my pain.

Ecchoes repeat my plaintive moans,
The waters imitate my groans,
The trees their bending boughs recline,
And droop their heads, as I do mine.

*MAY Fair.*

FROM grave lessons and restraint,
I'm stole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble, and I pant,
In the middle of the fair.

Oh! wou'd fortune in my way
Throw a lover, kind and gay;
Now's the time he soon may move
A young heart, unus'd to love.
Shall I venture? No, no, no;
Shall I from the danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no;
I must not try, I cannot fly,
I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, nature; help me, art;
Why shou'd I deny my heart:
If a lover will pursue,
Like the wisest let me do;
I will fit him if he's true;
If he's false, I'll fit him too.



The Highland LADDIE.

THE *Lawland* lads think they are fine,
But oh, they're vain and idly gawdy!
How much unlike that graceful mien,
And manly look of my *Highland laddie*?

O my bonny, bonny *Highland laddie*,
My handsome charming *Highland laddie*:
My heav'n still guard, and love reward
Our *Lawland lass*, and her *Highland laddie*.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest *Lawland lady*,
I'd take young *Donald* in his trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy:
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in *Borrows-town*,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my *Lawland kin*, and dady;
Frac winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll skreen me with his *Highland plaidy*.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a *Lawland* laird and lady;
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush, in's *Highland* plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear *Highland* laddie;
 And he ca's me his *Lawland* lass;
 Syn rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heav'n preserves my *Highland* laddie.
O my bonny, &c.



The



The MESSAGE.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool the air,
Serene was all the sky,
When on the waves I left my dear,
The centre of my joy;
Heav'n and nature smiling were,
And nothing sad but I.

Each rosie field did odours spread,
All fragrant was the shore:
Each river-god rose from his bed,
And figh'd, and own'd her power;
Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* queen,
Her hero went to see,
Cydus swell'd o'er his banks in pride,
As much in love as he.

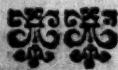
Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,
And tell her how distress'd;
Bear all my sighs, ye gentle winds,
And waft 'em to her breast;
Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,
I never shall have rest.

*She Wou'd, and She Wou'd not.*

AS I beneath a myrtle shade lay musing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful sounds,
 Venting her grief, the air thus wounds;
 O god of love, cease to torment me,
 Send to my aid some gentle swain,
 Whose balm apply'd may ease my pain.

Aloud I cry'd, and all the grove resounded,
 Heavenly nymph, complain no more,
 Love does thy wish'd-for peace restore,
 And sends a gentle swain to ease thee;
 In whom a longing maid may find,
 A balm to cure her love-sick mind.

She blush'd, and sigh'd, and push'd the med'cine from her,
 Which still the more increas'd her pain;
 Finding at length she strove in vain,
 O *Love!* she cry'd, I must obey thee,
 Who can the raging smart endure?
 Then suck'd the balm, and found a cure.



*The Mistaken MAID.*

AT noon, in a sunshiny day,
The brightest lady of the May,
Young *Cloris*, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in a shade,
Each slender finger play'd its part,
With such activity and art,
As wou'd inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by,
He saw no anger in her eye;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She wou'd have seem'd afraid:
She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball;
But straight gave *Strephon* such a call,
As wou'd have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth, is't none but thee?
With innocence I dare be free;
By so much truth and modesty,
No nymph was e'er betray'd.
Come lean thy head upon my lap;
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap;
Thou may'st securely take a nap:
Which he, poor fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
 And found him fast asleep all o'er:
 She sigh'd, and cou'd endure no more,
 But starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be;
 For this thy dull fidelity,
 I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me:
 Pursue thy grazing trade.
 Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
 And watch all night thy flocks to keep;
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
 By me, mistaken maid.

How to Outwit CUPID.

YOUNG *Cupid* one day, wilely,
 With well dissembled art,
 Let fly an arrow slyly,
 And pierc'd me to the heart:
 A while I sigh'd; grew stupid;
 But, to quit scores with *Cupid*,
 I found a way, which soon I'll try,
 Since reason takes my part:
 I'll steal away his arrows,
 And sweet revenge pursue;
 With womens hearts I'll head 'em;
 And then they'll ne'er fly true;
 No, no, they'll ne'er fly true.

BELINDA'S



BELINDA's Pride a Cheat.

BELINDA's pride's an arrant cheat,
A foolish artifice to blind;
Some honest glance, that scorns deceit,
Does still reveal her native mind.

With look demure, and forc'd disdain,
She idly acts the faint;
We see thro' this disguise, as plain
As we distinguish paint.

The pains she takes are vainly meant
To hide her am'rous heart;
'Tis like perfuming an ill scent;
The smell's too strong for art.

So have I seen grave fools design,
With formal looks, to pass for wise;
But, nature is a light will shine,
And break thro' all disguise.





On a Gentleman's Breaking a Lady's Cremona Fiddle, by sitting on it.

YE lads, and ye lasses, that live at *Longleat*,
Where, they say, there's no end of good drink and
good meat,

Where the poor fill their bellies, the rich receive honour;
So great, and so good, is the lord of the manor:

Ye nymphs, and ye swains, that inhabit the place,
Give ear to my song of a fiddle's hard case;
For it is of a fiddle, a sweet fiddle I sing,
A softer and sweeter did never wear string.

Melpomene, lend me the aid of thy art,
Whilst I the sad fate of this fiddle impart;
For never had fiddle a fortune so bad;
Which shews the best things the worst fortune have had.

This fiddle of fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as sweet as a lark, and as soft as a bride;
This fiddle to see, and it's musick to hear,
Gave delight to the eye, while it ravish'd the ear.

But first I must sing of this fiddle's country;
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair *Italy*,
In a town where a marshal of *France* had the hap,
(*Fortune de la guerre*) to be caught in a trap.

And

• And now, having sung of this fiddle's high birth,
I shou'd sing of the fingers which made so much mirth;
But fingers so strait, so swift, and so small,
Shou'd be sung by a poet, or not sung at all.

Tho' I am, god wot, but a poor country swain,
And cannot indite in so lofty a strain;
So all I can say, is to tell you once more
Such hands and such fingers were ne'er seen before.

Having sung of the fingers and fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet I shou'd sing of the bow;
The bow it was ebon, whose virtue was such,
It wounded your heart, if your ear it did touch.

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this bow for
a while;
To which the coy nymph thus reply'd with a smile,
My bow is far better than your's, I'll appeal;
Your's only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This fiddle and bow, and its musick together,
Wou'd make heavy hearts as light as a feather:
But alas! when I shall its catastrophe sing,
Your heart it will bleed, and your hands you will wring.

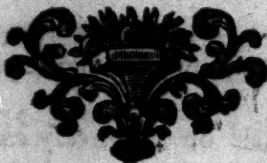
This fiddle was laid on a soft easy chair,
Taking all for its friends its sweet musick did hear;
When straight there came in a huge masculine bum,
I wish the de'il had it to make him a drum.

Now woe to the bum that this fiddle demolish'd,
That has all our musick and pastime abolish'd;
May it never want birch, to be switch'd and be slash'd;
May it ever be itching, and never be scratch'd.

May it never break wind in the cholick so grievous;
A penance too small for a crime so mischievous:
Ne'er find a soft cushion its anguish to ease,
While all is too little my wrath to appease.

Of other bum-scapes may it still bear the blame,
Ne'er shew its bare face without sorrow or shame;
May it ne'er mount on horseback without loss of leather,
Which brings me almost to the end of my tether.

And now, lest some critick of deep penetration,
Shou'd attack our poor ballad with grave annotation,
The fop must be told, without speaking in riddle,
He must first make a better, or kiss this bum-fiddle.





The SWAN.

'T WAS on a river's verdant side,
About the close of day,
A dying swan, with musick, try'd
To chase her cares away:

And tho' she ne'er had strain'd her throat,
Or tun'd her voice before,
Death, ravish'd with so sweet a note,
Awhile the stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver streams;
Ye purling waves, adieu,
Where *Phæbus* us'd to dart his beams,
And blest both me and you:

Farewel, ye tender whistling reeds,
Soft scenes of happy love;
Farewel, ye bright enamell'd meads,
Where I was wont to rove;

With you I must no more converse;
Look, yonder setting sun
Waits, while I these last notes rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant mate,
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind decree of fate,
And I with pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a tree
 Within th' adjacent wood,
 To hear her mournful melody,
 A stork, attentive, stood:

From whence, thus to the swan she spoke;
 What means this song of joy?
 Is it, fond fool, so kind a stroke,
 That does thy life destroy?

Turn back, deluded bird, and try,
 To keep thy fleeting breath;
 It is a dismal thing to die;
 And pleasure ends in death.

Base stork, the swan reply'd, give o'er;
 Thy arguments are vain;
 If after death we are no more,
 Yet we are free from pain:

But there are soft *Elysian* shades,
 And bow'rs of kind repose,
 Where never any storm invades,
 Nor tempest ever blows.

There, in cool streams, and shady woods,
 I'll sport the time away;
 Or, swimming down the crystal floods,
 Among young halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why
 I have such cause to grieve,
 Since it's a happiness to die,
 And it's a pain to live?

Hark!



HARK! how the tuneful British swain,
Who to the echoing hills and groves
So sweetly sung of pastoral loves,
Prepares his warbling voice again!
With happy skill the Lesbian lyre he strings,
Restores each animated sound;
Again they trill, they charm, they wound;
While th' amorous shepherd his own passion sings,
And to some bright applauded dame,
In Sappho's words, thus speaks a real flame.

ODE from the Greek of SAPPHO, by
A. PHILIPS, *Esq*;

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee
And sees and hears thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas that depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast:
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

With dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
 My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
 My feeble pulse forgot to play;
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

The DEMAND.

SEND back my long stray'd eyes to me,
 Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from you they've learn'd such ill,

To sweetly smile,

And then beguile,

Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,

Which no unworthy thought cou'd stain;

But if it has been taught by thine

To forfeit both

Its word and oath;

Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,

For I'll know all thy falsties.

That I, one day, may laugh, when thou

Shalt grieve and mourn,

For one will scorn,

And prove as false as thou art now.



The ANSWER.

WILT thou thy wanton eyes call home;
Cruel, reverse the fatal doom,
And let them still remain with me,
And oft be told
What they behold,
Fondness of love, and constancy.

Wilt thou thy heart call home again,
Break all thy vows, thy honour stain;
But sure it has been taught by mine
To value both
Its word and oath,
And will not leave me to repine.

But if thou neither know'st to prize,
And wilt have home thy heart and eyes;
Others may laugh when hopeless you
Shall grieve and mourn,
For one will scorn,
And prove as false as I am true.



*The LOVER'S Ambition.*

Wou'd fate to me *Belinda* give,
 With her alone I'd chuse to live;
 Nor with her cou'd I more require,
 Nor a greater bliss desire.

My charming nymph, if you can find,
 Among the race of human kind,
 A man that loves you more than I,
 I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my arms,
 With all her beauties, all her charms,
 With scorn and pity I'd look down
 On the glories of a crown.

BARNABY'S Complaint of PHYLLIDA.

O H! what a plague is love!
 I cannot bear it,
 She will inconstant prove,
 I greatly fear it;
 It so torments my mind,
 That my heart faileth,
 She wavers with the wind,
 As a ship faileth;

Please

Pleafe her the beſt I may,
She loves ſtill to gainſay,
Alack and well-a-day,

Phyllida flouts me.

At the fair t' other day,
As ſhe paſſ'd by me,
She look'd another way,
And wou'd not ſpy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But cou'd not get her;
Dick had her to the vine,
He might entreat her:
With *Daniel* ſhe did dance.
On me ſhe wou'd not glance;
Oh! thrice unhappy chance,

Phyllida flouts me.

Fair maid be not ſo coy,
Do not diſdain me,
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet, entertain me,
I ſhall have, when ſhe dies,
All things that's fitting,
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her goole ſitting;
A pair of mattr'eſs beds,
A barrel full of ſhreds;
And yet, for all theſe goods,

Phyllida flouts me.

I often heard her ſay,
That ſhe lov'd poſies;
In the laſt month of *May*,
I gave her roſes,

Cowſlips

Cowslips and gilly-flowers,
 And the sweet lily,
 I got to deck the bowers
 Of my dear *Phylly*.

She did them all disdain,
 And threw them back again,
 Therefore 'tis flat and plain

Phyllida flouts me.

Thou shalt eat curds and cream,
 All the year lasting,
 And drink the crystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting:
 Swigg whey until you burst,
 Eat bramble-berries,
 Pye-lid and pastry-crust,
 Pears, plums, and cherries.
 Thy garment shall be thin,
 Made of a weather's skin,
 Yet all's not worth a pin,

Phyllida flouts me.

Which way so e'er I go,
 She still torments me,
 And what so e'er I do,
 Nothing contents me,
 I fade and pine away
 With grief and sorrow,
 I fall quite to decay
 Like any shadow:
 I shall be dead, I fear,
 Within a thousand year;
 And all because my dear

Phyllida flouts me.

Fair

Fair maiden, have a care,
And in time take me,
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me:
There's *Doll* the dairy maid
Smil'd on me lately,
And wanton *Winefred*
Favours me greatly;
One throws milk on my cloaths,
T' other plays with my nose,
What pretty toys are those?

Phyllida flouts me,:

She has a cloth of mine,
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which she keeps as a sign
Of my fidelity:
But if she frowns on me,
She shall ne'er wear it,
I'll give it my maid *Joan*,
And she shall tear it.
Since 'twill no better be,
I'll bear it patiently,
Tho' all the world may see,

Phyllida flouts me.:

PHYLLIDA'S Answer.

Oh! where's the plague in love,
That you can't bear it?
If men would constant prove,
They need not fear it.

B b.

Young :

Young maidens, soft and kind,
 Are most in danger,
 Men waver with the wind;
 Each man's a ranger;
 Their falshood makes us know,
 That two strings to our bow
 Is best : I find it so,

Barnaby doubts me.

'Tis I that shou'd despair,
 'Tis you that flights me;
 What tho', when at the fair,
Dick did invite me;

Tho' *Daniel* with me danc'd,
 You may believe me,
 I often on thee glanc'd,
 I'd not deceive thee;
 I saw thee look awry,
 I knew the reason why;
 I can see with one eye,

Barnaby doubts me.

Thou young and silly boy,
 Do I disdain thee?
 Because thou'rt mother's joy,
 I'd entertain thee;

Yet wish I not her death,
 For ought she'd leave thee,
 Nor when time stops her breath,
 Will I deceive thee.

What care I for her geese,
 Or beds of carded fleece,
 Since this quite breaks my peace,

Barnaby doubts me.

What

What tho', when I did say,
That I lov'd posies,
You in the month of *May*,
Brought me sweet roses?
You never shew'd the thing,
That most wou'd please me,
A gay gold wedding ring
Wou'd soon have eas'd me;
I shou'd not with disdain,
Have thrown it back again;
I think 'tis flat and plain,

Barnaby doubts me.

Talk not of curds and cream,
Pears, plums, and cherries,
Nor of the crystal stream,
Or bramble-berries,
Most surely you forget
Our wonted frisking,
The cock-rill on the spit,
And the pork-grisking.
With more that might be said,
When I got dame to bed;
Yet, oh, unhappy maid!

Barnaby doubts me.

You say, what-e'er you do
Nothing contents thee;
I pray it may be so,
Whilst thou torment'st me:
I pine and sigh all night,
And wish for morrow,
I can have no delight,
I'm full of sorrow.

Oh!

276 *A Collection of Songs.*

Oh! if I die, I fear,
Within a thousand year,
My ghost will mak't appear

Barnaby doubts me.

I knit thy worsted hose,
To save the penny,
But wou'd not spot thy cloaths,
Like idle *Winny* ;
Yet wanton *Winefred*,
You like much better,
Or *Doll* the dairy maid,
If you cou'd get her ;
Ungrateful *Barnaby*,
How can'st thou threaten me ?
But I knew how 'twould be ;

Barnaby doubts me.

The cloth I have of thine,
Wrought with blue coventry,
Which thou gav'st as a sign
Of thy fidelity,
I'll give it back again,
To thee as a token,
That by a perjur'd swain,
My sad heart's broken ;
Oh! *Barnaby*, unkind,
Thou'lt quite distract my mind,
Too late, alas ! I find,

Barnaby doubts me.



F I N I S.

